THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, January 21, 1925 | Number 11

CONTENTS

The Klan Self-Revealed 277
Week by Week 279
Our Dual Foreign Ministry 281
Education and the School 282
Frankenstein's Monster ....Condé B. Pallen 283
The Duel (*verse*) .....Theodore Maynard 284
A Glimpse of Irish Coöperation ....Padraic Colum 285
Aquinas on the Stage..Thomas M. Schwertner 287
Aunt Sarah's Samplers.....Hugh de Blacam 290
The Reform of Reform .....D. W. Fisher 291
A Crusader of Charity..Henry Longan Stuart 293
Communications 296
Poems .....Frank Ernest Hill, George Shuster, J. Corson Miller, Constance Naar, Marion Cummings 298
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 299
Books .....John LeFarge, Katherine Brégy, Edwin Clark 300
The Quiet Corner 303

THE KLAN SELF-REVEALED

IT IS a tribute to some essential element of righteousness adhering in human nature that no form of tyranny, however baleful and shameless it may be, does not at times feel the need of a little window dressing to render its principles palatable to the unperverted palate. One has only to look back a few years to collect an entire series of euphemisms that have served to coat the pill of violence and intolerance. To name but two or three, what man of middle age does not recall the famous clichés, "predominant partner," "loyal garrison" so profusely employed during the closing decades of English coercion in Ireland, or the phrase "high contracting partner" so handily discovered at a critical moment to give some color of equity to the manoeuvres of London capitalists, whose greedy eyes were fastened on the Naboth's Vineyard of the Transvaal gold mines.

If this be true of tyrannies backed by the force and might of empire, and which, at the worst, have only moral animadversions to fear, it is doubly the case when domestic tyrannies, still in the empirical stage are struggling to establish themselves in face of the common sense and sober judgment of a nation. The Principles and Purposes of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, a pamphlet that is being circulated none too covertly in country districts of the United States is a case in point. Just how far this ill-written farrago of special pleading, unsupported assumptions, spread eagleism and bad manners is to be regarded as an official document is not clear. Some familiarity with the hierarchy of the Knights of the Sheet and Pillow Case would seem to be necessary before estimating the authority lent to it by an "Exalted Cyclops of Monroe Klan No. 4, Realm of Louisiana," who professes to be its author and to issue it "for the benefit of Klansmen in all parts of the nation." As no particular pains seem to be taken to avoid its falling into profane hands, there would seem to be no great abuse of confidence in exploring a few of its profundities for the benefit of the world at large, which still keeps a prejudice for showing its face when it delivers its arguments.

Sticklers for grammar and syntax may as well be warned in advance to pocket their prejudices when digesting the Cyclopean style. "Klansmen do not believe that any man or woman who opposes the government has any right to protection under the government and should be deported and placed behind prison bars."—"The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan has no fight to make on the Negro—he is recognized as an inferior race." "The safety, peace and dignity of this country depends upon you and I." These sentences

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be hundred percent Klannishness, but assay something less than a hundred percent Lindley Murray. Nor are Catholics likely to quarrel with the further statement that "Patriotism and Christianity are preëminently the moving principles" of the Klan, and "the Flag, the Constitution and the Holy Bible" its key-stone. They have rather less than nothing to fear from any investigation into their loyalty and piety conducted on such an unassailable basis, unless it be a preference for the lessons of mercy and tolerance contained in the New Testament rather than the more bellicose portions of the Book of Judges.

The case is different when the executive of Monroe Klan Number 4 of Louisiana asserts that the Klan stands for "freedom of conscience, the free public school, separation of church and state." Subsequent passages throw some light on the sort of free school he has in mind. It is to be a school so free that no citizen can send his children to any other, where no "atheist, infidel, skeptic or unbeliever" (i. e. non-Protestant) is allowed to teach, and in which the Bible is to be "read and explained daily" by teachers whose hundred percent Americanism has passed the test of "owning no allegiance to any prince, or potentate, ecclesiastical or otherwise," a phrase whose significance is so clear that it needs no stressing. All this in face of the fact that "the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience or not to worship him at all," and that "the Klan stands eternally upon that principle."

Following such sinister and specious reasoning, in every line of which the menace is implicit, the little bouquets of hatred and ill-breeding that spice the Cyclops's exposition of "principles" fade into insignificance. They are symptomatic and of second order, the mere social blunders of one who has never learned the etiquette of civilized argument. There is the foul conjuncture—"an America Catholicized, mongrelized and circumcized," the hilarity provoking charge that Roman Catholics are "closely allied" to "every bootlegger, moonshiner, jake-seller (?), libertine, prostitute and black-leg gambler" in a concerted effort to break the Klan. This though two weeks ago a Catholic priest was the only man who could be discovered with the courage to expose the operations of the whiskey ring in New Jersey. There is the impudent defense of the hooded mask on the ground that its use "except within the lodge room, at public institutions, or in public parades, is strictly forbidden." The Klansman is only masked on the only occasions where it would be possible to identify him as a Klansman at all! Any outrages against liberty and public order in which he may choose to indulge outside receive in advance a "blanket" disavowal.

In marked contrast to the severity shown the Catholic, there is a tenderness towards his Jewish fellow-delinquent in non-Protestantism. It pierces the argument rather naively, and amounts in places almost to a bid for Jewish coöperation. "The American-born Jew, if he would accept Jesus Christ, and make his moral standards to measure (sic) up to Christian requirements, would be eligible for membership. Many Klansmen believe, under such conditions, he would be a good Klansman." At present it is true "his code of business ethics does not harmonize always with Christian ideas or Christian principles." None the less, it is impossible to regard his "universal success" in the great affair of Merchandising without a wistful regret that such good material should be lost to Klandom. "God bless him, he takes care of his own." One catches the sob in the Cyclopean throat as a card catalogue of orders and prospects passes before his mental vision.

The "separation between church and state," which the Exalted One postulates as the sixth of the great objects for which his order stands, need not distress him, or cause him, in his own chosen words to lose "much needed sleep." It exists and has existed in America for over 150 years, so completely that every Catholic citizen throughout that period has been able, whole-heartedly and unreservedly, to discharge his civic and patriotic duties, to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, while not abating a jot of the spiritual allegiance which, as a loyal Catholic, he owes to his Church and its supreme Pontiff and guide in matters spiritual. Of course a continuance of the system under which America has waxed and flourished is the last thing your Klansman wants. He is an atavist, a reversion to outworn types, homesick for the bilious theocracy that made blue laws and witch laws, and suppressed by force the only colonial government, Catholic-founded, which raised its head "above the fog" of Puritan intolerance. The "tremendous fight" which he affects to foresee (and capitalizes in advance) may come, but it will have been forced by himself. It will not take place until the inconceivable eventuates, and the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, as yet scarcely touched by his sales-campaign of hatred and sectarianism, have embodied his repellant "principles" on statute books. And it will have come even then, not so much because his fingers have succeeded in turning back the hands of the secular clock, as because its destiny and its inherent principles alike mark out the Universal Church as the last resort of human dignity and popular liberties against an encroaching state. But such visions are apocryphal. Americans are not on the way to the abject surrender of the principles which are the very life of the nation, and of the institutions which express those principles. Simply to expose the swollen dreams of petty tyranny indulged in by the exploiters of the ignorant and prejudiced victims of the K.K.K. is, we believe, to expose as well the ridiculous nature of their ambitions. The United States is a free nation whose people—Protestant, Jew, Catholic, or agnostic—will keep it free.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK, President
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Secretary
JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Treasurer and Business Manager

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

Editorial Council

HENRY JONES FORD
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE
FREDERICK J. KINSMAN
JAMES J. WALSH
HENRY LONGAN STUART
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
R. DANA SKINNER

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

AN article upon running by America's champion sprinter in the current number of The Elks Magazine may strike some as a peculiar locale in which to discover a tribute to the eternal verities. But the account, by Charles W. Paddock, of the career of Paavo Nurmi, the "phantom Finn," who last week added three indoor records at Madison Square Garden to his Olympic laurels, merits something more than the attention that is likely to be given it by the athletically inclined. In his story of one whom he calls "The Iron Man of the Track," the thing noted by Mr. Paddock as Nurmi's most striking contribution to athletic history is not the clipping of records hitherto considered established. It is the innovation adopted by him during training and on the days of supreme test of eliminating the idea of competition or personal victory from his consideration altogether. The Finnish runner, Mr. Paddock makes plain, has set himself only one definite goal, the eventual running of a mile in four laps of a minute each, and towards this goal his repeated victories are only regarded as steps.

NURMI does not present himself to Mr. Paddock as an exceptional being, a freak, temperamentally capable of dispensing with the competitive stimulus. Bobby Jones, winner of the amateur golf title, is quoted as another non-competitive case in point. Jones, "instead of consciously competing against his opponents, wondering and worrying what they were doing . . . set himself the task of playing against the course record. With his mind free from everything except his own score in relation to par, he won the elusive amateur title with little trouble."

THERE are times when it seems that our entire national life, business, political and diplomatic, has been invaded by the ethics and terminology of the prize ring—new model. Here, in its own brutal environment, competition is really at home. Light and middle weight events are for amateurs of boxing. It is the heavyweight, fight-to-a-finish bout that stirs a responsive thrill in any corner of the earth that telegraph wires can reach. In order that it may be worked up to its fit crescendo of physical ruin, hulking stevedores are imported from Rio or Buenos Ayres whom Corbett, that master of old-time ring strategy, has scornfully declared a third rate boxer of his day would have felt none too proud in whipping. Two monstrous organisms of muscle and flesh batter and pound one another under the arc-lights to the delirious joy of thousands, while special writers plunder the lexicon of violence to do justice to the occasion. Even college athletics and pennant games are seldom described by alert head writers of today except in words that imply humiliation and contempt for the losers. "Yale Smears Harvard," "Yanks Smother Cardinals." In the commercial sphere such phrases as "go-getters," "salesmen wih a punch," "two-fisted men," feature the young American business man as a sort of sombre gladiator. Enterprises whose material benefits are of the flimsiest are put through by sheer force of sales organization backed by vast funds. Millions throng to spectacles whose sole recommendation is that millions were spent in producing them. And as in the commercial, so in the international sphere. Germany is the logical warning of what happens when competition in armaments is carried past the requirements of national honor and exigencies. Yet, as the lesson recedes into the past, the cry for bigger battalions, bigger battleships, bigger bombs and bigger bombing planes resumes its old volume among the victor nations.

NONE more gratefully than Catholics, it would seem, should welcome evidence from however humble a source that the fervor and fever of the competitive spirit is being found at fault. Inordinately and ruthlessly applied, as it generally is today, competition is an offense to the sensitive conscience. It runs directly counter to the teaching of the Gospels which bids the swift abate his speed and the strong his strength if the price is the crushing or leaving too far behind of a weaker or slower brother in Christ. It is also essentially second-rate. The shining names of this world, whether conquerors, creators or runners have been singularly free from the mean spirit which measures achievement by the number of fellow-aspirants passed in the race. The humblest Catholic, with a goal so infinitely more exalted than theirs, may be a partaker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their greatness of spirit. He knows, unless his subscription to the spirit of his Master be lip service, that what will really count when everything has been assessed, will not be the number of admirers, flatterers and enviers he has left behind, but whether he has been as popular, or as wealthy, or as successful generally, as some instinct, which was really the voice of God speaking in an uncorrupted soul, told him he might safely be. It would be an odd conjuncture if a sober and stocky Finn, who trained himself for the track by running to and from his daily work of paper-hanging, should turn out to be the first to put a crimp in the competitive theory of life.

ABOUT once in every 360 years, a given point of the earth knows the profound and awesome darkness of a total eclipse. On January 24 next, New York is to experience this visitation—a moment when the most matter-of-fact of men may look to the skies and gather a rumor of eternity. For it is only at such times that our vision carries us above and beyond the earth and into the mysteries of fathomless space. We like to live and to think in perspectives, yet in ordinary times the heavens are a challenge to perspectives. They seem to the naked eye to be painted in one plane. No matter how clearly our reason may tell us that one star or one planet is millions of miles beyond another, they continue to shed their pale light upon our eyes in placid flat array. When the moon in its passage obscures a group of stars, it matters little to our weak sight. The ever recurring event passes unnoticed. When a planet slowly weaves its way among the constellations, we still ignore the great perspective. But when the moon crosses the sun, what man is there who does not feel the majesty of space? The eclipse then becomes the symbol of life and of that great shadow that at some time and for each of us rests starkly on the soul. Nor does the symbolism end here. Beyond the black disc of the moon hovers the corona of the sun—a promise of infinite meaning that no shadow shall ever wholly darken the face of light.

THOSE who persistently believe that mankind is satisfied with shadows and echoes have been shedding many premature tears over the radio broadcasting of songs by great vocal artists. Recently that most beloved of tenors, John McCormack, cheered many thousands of homes along the Atlantic seaboard by an evening of radio song. A few days later, his recital in Carnegie Hall was packed to overflowing. So serious had the alarm been felt that his broadcasting would injure his recitals that the newspapers thought the crowded hall worthy of special news notice. But was there ever any common sense in the alarm itself? We seem doomed to a cycle of such alarms. The talking machine brought similar head shakings. Then the movies contributed their gloom to theatre lovers. And all to no good purpose save to throw into brilliant relief how little mankind knows about man. To understand the real cravings of human nature for realities instead of shadows, watch the crowd that jams a motion picture theatre when the appearance "in person" of some screen celebrity is announced. The same crowd may have seen "Doug and Mary" scores of times cavorting on the screen. But that is not reality. The shadow only makes reality more impressive—or at least, more expressive. In our opinion no advertising is more effective than the shadow of reality. We want to experience things in their fullness. We cannot forever see men without hearing them, or hear them without seeing them. However much we may welcome a slice of the bread of life, nothing so fills us with joy as the full smoking loaf, hot from the oven.

THERE has been some talk—and apparently not enough—of the outbreak of rowdiness that has followed upon the war. Reports of this sort have come from Paris and London, and in New York the police have given it some recognition. From Chicago, and San Francisco rumors of this disorderly outburst have also been recorded, but as far as can be seen there has been little abatement of the nuisance and menace created in our public places by the disorderly elements of ignorance, boorishness and the overflowing of Prohibition liquor from the hip-pockets of our native rowdies. Many of these young buccaneers, in their fur overcoats and motor cars, gifts of sentimental parents, or in the Apache emblazonments of Broadway haberdashers, make a ride in our subways or street cars or a visit to any of our popular restaurants at night an adventure that will long be remembered by any modest gentleman or lady. Age or venerable appearance are no longer any protection from catcalls and bawlings: the sweet humor of the young Britisher in assailing any bearded person with the soubriquet of "Beaver," has, here in our beloved country, come to a horror of drunken personalities that begins to result in physical contests outside the doors of some of our good-class restaurants in the very centre of our larger cities. The proprietors of these places are raising their hands in horror over an unpreventable climax: the police departments are either not strong enough or properly desirous to protect the quiet citizen in his rights. It is really time for good people to keep at home of nights and carefully bar their doors, while these young habitués of Chop-Suey dance halls, high-school-collegians and boot-legging plutocrats wreak out their personal amenities on each other like the famous cats in the bag. The moral for parents would seem to be, now more than ever, to keep their youngsters at home around their own radios and firesides.

THE eclectic spirit of modern secular journalism presents many singular spectacles. The effort to please readers of all sorts and varieties of opinions leads to the juxtaposition of the most conflicting ideas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and expressions. The New York American recently illustrated this condition of things in a most striking fashion. Across the top of its editorial page it printed, as usual, its only selection of a text from the Bible. On the same page it published an article written by Mr. Bruno Lessing, Something to Think About, which contains this statement—"It is a waste of time to argue about religions. If you believe in one religion you naturally think it is the only one. If you do not believe in any religion, you find that one is about as good as another. All religions, put together, have accomplished mighty little in the past few centuries in the direction of raising the human race to a higher level of intelligence, taste or decency. The world war was the culminating 'Blah!' of religion." Which seems just a bit arbitrary. If some religious journal should say that all forms of science put together have accomplished little in the past few centuries to raise the human race to a higher level of intelligence, taste, or decency, and that the world war was the culminating 'Blah!' of science, we wonder what the comment of Mr. Bruno Lessing might be? But, on second thought, it hardly seems worth while to be curious on such a point.

THE universal celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Puvis de Chavannes, December 14, 1824, has inspired anew all hearts that have an interest in the ideals and aspirations of pictorial art. Boston, Massachusetts, is celebrating this centennial in pride of her possession of one of Chavannes's masterpieces—the decoration of the monumental staircase of its library, executed in 1896. This great successor of Giotto and Ghirlandajo, the most distinguished master of pleinairisme and symbolism in modern painting, was of so noble a personal character that we look upon his exquisite interpretation of the Life of St. Genevieve, Christian Inspirations, and his last lovely Watch of St. Genevieve over Paris, as something more than art, something more than the inspiration of Siennese primitifs, something personal and inspired as was the life of this son of Lyons, noble gentleman, fine poet and Christian soul. His career is a challenge to the untrained forces of disorder and revolt that have seized upon so large a share of the awards of the graphic arts. Celebremus!

SOMEBODY telephoned to The Commonweal the other day wanting to know if we could tell "the real reasons why G. K. Chesterton became a Catholic." We were not in a position to satisfy our questioner at the time, and could only refer him to Mr. Chesterton's articles dealing with his conversion. Since then we have come upon a newspaper paragraph which possibly may throw some light upon the matter. The paragraph reads as follows—"London, Dec. 22.—In the village in which G. K. Chesterton lives—Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire—Mass is said every Sunday in a hall attached to an inn. For ten years the hall has been loaned free of charge by the innkeeper and his wife who are both Catholics. In all there are about seventy Catholics in the neighborhood. Steps are being taken to acquire a suitable site in a central position for the erection of a church."

IN contrast with the absurdity of attributing personality to the endocrine glands, to which we drew attention a short time since, are the statements made in a cable despatch from London as to new uses of the violet ray in combating disease. This light, according to a report of the Medical Research Council, has effects upon the body which are surprising in their extent, but as yet little understood. They are being worked out "empirically" by tests and it is said they will cause "great future improvement in the health, beauty and stature of the people." Here we have science laboring in its true field, the body. There is no boast that the soul is to be remodeled. Yet, mental and volitional advantage may result from the improvement of the mechanism through which the soul has its contact with the material world. But the field for the medici is the physical man, whether in discovery or the application of new knowledge. So long as they make progress in curative lore they are doing their duty, realizing the beneficent aims of Providence, and winning a gratitude from man that will never be given to idle speculation in the region of the unknowable.

OUR DUAL FOREIGN MINISTRY

IN SPITE of the several more or less plausible reasons which are given in the newspapers for the resignation of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State, it is difficult to eliminate the notion that it is due at least in great measure to discouragement if not disgust growing out of the conditions amid which the work of his office is carried on. In these United States we have two foreign ministers, the responsible one in the Cabinet and the free lance one who is responsible to nobody but the voters of some one state. Just as likely as not the state is small and rural and its people know little and care less about the affairs of the wide world.

In making these remarks, we are taking no side whatever on the issues involved; we are merely directing attention to an anomaly in our politics and a defect in our governmental machinery. Since Senator Borah became Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, it must have attracted the attention of all who follow the Washington news that he has taken up a position in conflict with that of the Secretary of State, the Administration attitude, on a large number, perhaps a majority of questions of foreign policy.

Senator Borah belongs to the same party as the Ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ministration, including Secretary Hughes. But he is a man of individual if not original mind and he carries his ideas of independence to an extreme pitch. He has always been ready, at the prompting of his own intellect, to criticize and oppose his party and its leaders in or out of office, on issues of public policy. The tradition of the Senate, which allots committee chairmanships when a vacancy occurs to the senior majority member, gave him, upon the lamented death of Senator Lodge, his present formidable position. It might have been supposed that the obvious delicacy of the opportunities which confronted him might have caused him to seek agreement or compromise in important conjunctures, or, at any rate, to exercise great reticence as regards differences between himself and the constitutionally designated diplomatic spokesman of the nation.

Senator Borah has not shown any sign of adopting this course. We do not assume to criticize him. Perhaps it is his duty to oppose openly what he does not approve. Neither do we desire at this time to express any views upon the issues at stake in any instance. The Senator may be right or he may be wrong. But we are quite clear as to the difficulties which such division of aim and judgment, openly proclaimed, creates for the Secretary of State, who has to produce results for the good of the country, and who must satisfy the whole people or incur the stigma of failure or worse. It is impossible not to see the inevitable effects on the Secretary's own mind, when he finds the leading man in the Senate, which under our Constitution has quasi-executive powers as respects foreign affairs, leading the opposition to his plans. But how much more serious must the handicap be in the conduct of any negotiation, when the other party, be it Great Britain or Russia or Japan, is well aware through ordinary news despatches as well as diplomatic channels, of the so influential antagonism to the American minister in his own capital and in his own party.

It can hardly seem strange that Mr. Hughes should yield to fatigue under repeated experiences of this kind. It is not surprising if he feels that there is too much waste effort in trying to carry out the program arranged by the President and himself and their colleagues in the Cabinet. The practice of the law is assuredly less wearing as well as more remunerative.

The worst of it is that the Secretary has no effective way of explaining his policies or defending his views. Whatever may be thought of the committee system—which is so much a one man, chairman, system—and however the Senate's claims as to foreign affairs may be regarded, there can be no real doubt as to the wisdom of one change. The Secretary of State, indeed all the secretaries, should have definite rights to the floor in either or both houses of the Congress. They should have full rights, not, of course, to vote—but to speak, to debate, in exposition of public questions and defense of themselves.

EDUCATION AND THE SCHOOL

IN THE long interview recently published in the New York Times, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University said a number of things well worthy of attention by all who are interested in American schools and the work they are doing. He speaks with authority as an educator, and nobody can accuse him of sectarian bias or enmity to the public system; so it would seem his warning must be taken as serious when he says—

"A state monopoly of schools is wholly un-American and may come to mean compulsory paganism."

Naturally, his interlocutor (Mr. P. W. Wilson's name is at the head of the article) asked for an explanation. Dr. Butler explained that there is a tendency to total secularization—he instanced abandonment of Bible reading in certain cases since his school days—as the cause of the danger he foresaw. In his general view, he was quite right; only his specification was too narrow for the existing condition.

The dangerous secularization or otherwise of schools in this country today does not consist in the occasional omission of the reading of a few verses of Scripture. It lies in the ultra-utilitarian character of the entire education regarded as necessary by the average school board. The school day, generally speaking, is devoted to "practical" subjects, the "three r's," a smattering of a foreign language in the higher grades and "community civics." There is little time or strength for anything that gives beauty or true enjoyment of life and none at all for spiritual cultivation and preparation for a future beyond. Moral instruction is based on grounds of citizenship or humanity, and not upon religious or spiritual ideals. Of course, the danger of paganism or at least agnosticism is ingrained in such a system.

Education of this type is, a priori, insufficient for the best purposes of life. The incomplete character of the minds which it so often shapes in this country is beginning to attract notice at home and abroad. Dr. Butler urges one means of improvement, which anyone can adopt. Many are doing so, in fact. This is the continuation of study by men and women by reading and self-discipline after leaving school or college.

But there is no effectual substitute for early training. The great lack in education in America, especially the primary education of the masses, is the subordination to mere wage-earning development of all love of beauty, all realization of the life which is higher than every day experience, of the spiritual element and the supra-mundane considerations of which sight should never be lost. In a word, American schools need softening, brightening, elevation. They need the religious factor in their training of the rising generations. There is nothing sectarian in this view. Leading Jews and multitudes of Protestants are aware and outspoken on the subject.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

By CONDÉ B. PALLEN

I BELIEVE in modern civilization, and I repudiate the current pessimism which sees failure and decay around us. I believe in modern civilization because it is not modern. Its roots are far back in the past. It cannot fail unless everything fails. I believe in machinery, industrialism, radio, aeroplane, phonograph, motion picture, automobile, high explosives, long-range guns, bombs, whatsoever the genius of man has subdued to his use out of nature's storehouse of energy, not as instruments of corruption and destruction, but as the sign and the pledge of his dominion over the earth, which God gave to him in the beginning.

The peoples of the earth, whence all these wonders come, are the peoples of Christendom. Outside of Christendom humanity has stagnated, save where it has been imitative, as among the Japanese. The great inventions are of Christian peoples. Materialism does not come from machines, but from materialists. The man who tells me that the world is going to pot, because our civilization is given over to industrial enterprises, is indulging in a pessimism, in which he himself does not really believe. He is accepting and utilizing all the industrial miracles of our age to the full. He would be the first to shriek out against the desecration of progress, if there were a movement to scrap all our industrial machinery, which he avers is devouring the spiritual in us. If what he alleges be true, the sooner it is all scrapped, the better; let us go back to the primitive simplicity of digging our daily bread from the soil with naked hands.

If man cannot control the things he has made, and if things are going to eat him up, body and soul, smash them. Body goes to dust anyway, but what about soul? "Spiritual values" is a favorite phrase on the lips of the pessimists who croak so dismally over what they are pleased to regard as a shattered world! "Spiritual values" will alone redeem the world, and the one thing in the way is industrial machinery. First I ask, in all simplicity, is the machine more than the man who made it? If the man who creates has no power to control and to make the work of his hands subserve his spirit, he is less than the creature of his own devising. He will never stay Frankenstein's Monster by cursing it or falling down and adoring it. It will trample him into the mire and perish with him.

In the second place, if "spiritual values" are to be the means of redemption from the welter of materialism engendered by industrialism, it might be well to ask, what are "spiritual values?" Value is an economic term and has no rightful application in the spiritual world. Value connotes an exchange of goods. Spiritual goods cannot be bartered; they are gifts which increase in the hands of the giver in the giving. The donor loses nothing, and the recipient is richer. The phrase "spiritual values" is a false analogy. What really is meant by it, I imagine, is that the cure of materialism lies in spiritual ideals put into practice, but there can be no spiritual ideals without a spirit, and spirit means soul, or it means nothing.

The first spiritual postulate is that men have souls, are something more than higher animals, and have a larger destiny than the beast. A soul connotes immortality; if it does not, men are shut up in the same narrow prison house with the beast. When men understand that they have souls and as souls are personally responsible, not to an abstract notion floating in a vague phrase, but to another Person, more intimate than their most secret thought, you have the beginning of a practical spiritual life. You have religion, man's relation to God.

Modern materialism is simply due to modern materialists, who have lost the conception of God, a personal God, the one Absolute Person of the universe. It is a silly refuge to damn machinery, as a sort of Djin escaped out of Alladin's bottle, for our own short-comings. If man is only an evolved worm, he is no better than a worm, a complex worm, if you like, but still a worm, a pusillanimous worm when he squirms under the iron feet of Frankenstein's Monster. But man, who has wrested nature to his purposes, and made its energies the creature of his will, is the image of God, sovereign over the world over which he was originally given dominion. He can stand erect then, with his face to the stars. Here we have a spiritual fact and supreme dignity, not a mere spiritual value. Here is a supremacy, not a commercial barter, a divine reality, not the meaningless shibboleth of an empty phrase.

Within the last hundred years inventive genius has advanced victoriously into the secret purlieus of nature in leaps and bounds, and wrought more marvels than man had dreamed of in all the previous centuries of his existence. The nineteenth century imagined an undersea boat; the twentieth century made it. Greek myth fancied a Daedalian flight; the twentieth century has made it a commonplace. Puck would girdle the earth in forty seconds; we have accomplished the Shakespearean extravagance. Mother Shipton's phophecy of the horseless carriage has become an embarrassment of riches to our traffic. We talk across continents and oceans, and through solid walls. Man has multiplied his industrial capacity a thousand fold so that he can now feed, house and clothe millions where before he could only meagerly provide for thousands. He has peopled the earth multitudinously,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where the brute creation wandered through an empty wilderness.

All these marvels he has wrought by his genius, but marvelous as they are, man remains the supreme marvel. When analyzed to its final term, to talk through a thousand miles of space is no more of a marvel than to talk through ten feet of space. To talk at all is the real marvel, and not the distance talked. You can no more explain the mystery of my conveying my thoughts to you three feet away than when I speak to you 3,000 feet away. Man is the paramount creature of the earth, because he is a rational soul. This is the spiritual fact that makes him master of industrialism. He can be overwhelmed and conquered by materialism only when he forgets this spiritual fact and denies his own birthright. His freedom from the pessimistic fears that terrify him at contemplation of his industrial achievements lies in his return to the realization of the great spiritual ideal upon which our civilization rests, God and man made in the image of God fashioned to immortality.

The fears that have been haunting the pessimist since the world war, and stalk in grim nakedness before his blurred sight, were forging long before the outburst of destruction we now call Armageddon. Man saw the vision of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Men agonized and died by millions on the battlefield. Well, men agonize and die daily by millions in their beds. If that were the final answer to life, we might well whimper and tremble. The effect of materialism is to make us afraid. It frightens out of their wits the professors who write essays on the awful results of machinery and industrialism, and platitudinize about "spiritual values" to get us out of the mess. God and the immortal soul of man are spiritual facts. Without these "spiritual values" we are tinkling cymbals and sounding brass. The professors have coined the wrong term. What we need is spiritual worth, which connotes not an exchange or barter, but intrinsic character founded in reality, in the spiritual facts of God and the soul's immortality. God made man and man made machinery, and he need have no fear of the work of his hands, if he remember God and his own spiritual dignity.

It is true we had our modern Armageddon, but let us remember that the beasts can have no Armageddon. Man has had many Armageddons in the course of his history, but he has endured and survived them all. He alone can endure and survive what seems irretrievable disaster, and he retrieves disaster because he has a soul and knows God. If he were a mere beast, red of tooth and red of claw, he would soon perish and pass.

Civilization is built out of the spiritual life of man. Our civilization has sprung from the supreme facts of God and the human soul's immortal worth. It is Christian civilization founded on Christ's teaching. He revealed God to us and our own spiritual worth, and He pledged His abiding presence with us to the end. We need have no fear of Frankenstein's Monster. The pessimist engendered by our recent Armageddon will get over his nightmare in time. It is worth noting that our present pessimist was our wildest optimist before the war. It is he who went about shouting that there could be no more wars on earth, and that the millenium was upon us. He has since seen the fatal bulk of Frankenstein's Monster striding the earth, because he looks with the eyes of materialism now as he looked with the same eyes then. But the Monster was a wonderful god then; he is now a pestilential devil. When our pessimist's eyes shall have been purged of their materialistic rheum, his vision may become clearer than it is now. Only let us trust that he will not metamorphose again into the insane optimist he was before he witnessed Armageddon.

Our civilization is of supreme importance because it is founded on spiritual facts, and has been wrought in the inspiration of those facts. The marvelous inventions we possess and enjoy are the fruits of that Christian civilization. I believe in progress, not a mere going somewhere or anywhere, but towards the definitive goal of the City of God, builded up out of the spiritual facts that its Divine Founder made known to us. The marvels of industrialism and invention are the heritage of this spiritual life of Christian civilization, the things that have been added unto us, and are not to be flung into the scrap-heap, because some purblind pessimists are floundering in the slough of despond into which the horrors of Armageddon plunged them. Let these go and dwell with Caliban on Sebetos.

The Duel

"Love me that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, because thy love's too great for me.—"

May God be praised! I have an equal skill
To that which nerves your thin and supple wrist;
And while our straining bodies lunge and twist
And parry the naked blades flashed out to kill
I worship you with insults. For my will
Is like your own, O dear antagonist,
And in it strive the saint and sensualist,
Exquisite enemies who are never still.

I have no wish to die upon your sword;
Nor any wish to see you die on mine.
I charge you have a care, since I decline
An easy safety. Hated and adored,
This is a duel to the death, and when
We part as friends we meet as foes again.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GLIMPSE OF IRISH COÖPERATION

By PADRAIC COLUM

THIS bare and uneven land sometimes takes on an aspect that might belong to a Land of Faerie. The sky is muffled with clouds that are grey and dark; the fields are sodden; the little girls herding the cows in the pastures crouch beside the boulders, merging into the masses of greyness. Then, where the clouds have cleared away, there is a blue that makes all other blues hard or garish. Under that ethereal blue the green and rocky hillock becomes a knoll in Fairyland. The light radiates from the wet briars, from the wet stones, from the wet grasses; there is a haze between us and the distant scene that is like the Veil of Enchantment in the Celtic stories. In this unsecular light the things we look upon have assumed the quality that gives Irish stories of enchantment their distinctiveness: That greyhound that comes towards us might be the hound of the King of Fairyland; the calf in the bog might be one of the herd of kine, all white, and each with one red ear, that some king's daughter demanded from a prince of the Fairy People, and that strand below there, with the white bird and the yellow sand taking a gleam upon them, might be a strand in Ildatach, the Many-colored Land. And only in the Gadealteacht, that is in the Irish-speaking districts of the West and the North-west, can these glimpses be had that recall the magic of the old Irish stories.

While the sun shines there is animation on the whole countryside; it is as if you can see the rushes and the briars and the oats growing. The men and women appear in the fields; the cocks and hens that had taken shelter in the recesses of the furze bushes on the sunny side of the bank go about; a robin sings. The light itself is animation; it seems to have a pulse in it. Perhaps for hours the light and the animation last; perhaps only for minutes. Then a dark cloud—such a cloud as overshadowed Saint Brendan's ship, hiding from the mariners the way to the Radiant Land—comes over the field. The rain comes on again; a plover cries through the mist.

So it is in the Gadealteacht, whether in Connemara or in Donegal. And it is not only the sky and the light in the sky that are strange here—the country, too, is different from other countries. A European traveler tells me that there is only one other place in Europe that has any likeness to these Western outlands—that place is Montenegro. But in Montenegro the stones are piled up into mountains while here they are upon the ground. There are mountains, too, but they are not high; grasses and heather grow up their slope, but where there has been a scraping the bare granite shows. One feels that the land has no business owning so many detached rocks, stones, and boulders; one thinks that this place must have been the rocky bed of a sea. And the stones show through the heather of the moor and the soft blackness of the bog. Stones are piled into walls, and the houses in that area of stones seem to be only more regularly formed boulders. The stones and the muffling clouds give the tone to this landscape, but in the greyness there are rowan trees with branches of bunches of scarlet berries, and there are fuschia hedges with their pendants of red and purple thriving unexpectedly here: seeing it, one does not wonder that "the delicate, airy tree of the Druids, the rowan with its berries," has come so much into Gaelic myth and romance.

The whole countryside has a heterogenous appearance; arable and grazing-land being in pockets and patches, a patch of brown oats slopes up with a patch of green that is root-crop; the heather mounts above both, and then, on a green pinnacle above the heather, a white cow grazes, the whole running down into a little promontory of cabbages that has the sea-water each side of it. They are half-acre and quarter-acre patches; they are crossed and re-crossed by walls that are piles of loose stones; these walls give the landscape a quaint look: it is like a diagram that a child might make on a slate; the cow or the horse or the ass, impounded by a square of walls looks like a beast that had been quaintly trapped by those villagers. The houses stand everywhere a few yards of ground can be cultivated; they are very numerous considering the poverty of the land. And they are better and more comfortable than the houses that stood hereabouts twenty years ago; this improvement is due to the work of the Congested Districts Board.

The people of one of those houses have a field of potatoes, a field of oats, a field of root-crops, with cabbage-garden and an onion-patch. Their two cows have a field and a bit of a moor to graze over, and they can pick a bit of the ditches along the roads. In all, the farm has about ten acres. The people of the house have access to the bog for firing; they have a horse and a good many fowl. They have no pig, nor are there many who have pigs in the district; these little patches cannot grow enough potatoes for the house and for the sty, so the pig is not kept. Potatoes are fed to the horse.

Making a living on a ten-acre farm in this windy and rainy countryside is a harassing business. It might not be so harassing if there was a market near for what the houses can most readily produce—butter and eggs and fowl. But there are no such markets. They can sell their stock at the fair—their cattle and sheep, but their butter and eggs and fowl they sell to the shopkeepers in the village or exchange for com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modities. It would be impossible, I suppose, to keep up the struggle here if the houses had not all, or practically all, some outside revenue.

The young men and women go harvesting in England or Scotland, leaving the farms here to be worked by the older women and men and the young boys and girls. They come back with what pays the shop-debts, or what pays an instalment on the shop-debts, and buys a bag of meal and flour and seed for the next crop. The men and women settled in America send a large contribution home for Christmas. In some houses a girl makes what is not a low earning here, fifteen or eighteen shillings per week for knitted work that is sold through the Congested Districts centres. Some houses have homespuns to market, but there is no longer the sale of Irish homespuns that there was during the war and before it.

So, on their little holdings and with their outside revenue, the people here make shift to live, and keep sturdy and upstanding. But their economic conditions are precarious. These nights they lie awake thinking of their oats and turf in the flooding rains. The loss of either, or considerable damage to either, would be a blow that they would not recover from in a year. It is noted how mortality amongst the old goes up with a poor turf supply. There has to be drying weather to make the sods of peat hard and lightable. If they remain sodden the houses can't have good fires; no wood is around, and the people have nothing on their hearths except bits of wood dug up in the bogs with the damp sods of peat around them. The lack of warmth in the houses takes the vitality out of the old people, and there are many deaths amongst them in the year when the turf cannot be properly "reared."

The houses are self-contained as far as potatoes, milk, butter, meal, and firing are concerned. They are not self-contained enough, however. They have to go to the shops for a score of things, and the shopkeeper takes advantage of their harassments, their economic shortsightedness, indeed their extravagance.

The Irish countryside has a very significant word for the shopkeeper who deals with them cunningly. He is "gombeen," a name that expresses a mean graspingness. Not all the shopkeepers are "gombeen-men," but there are a few in every parish. The gombeen-man has the emporium in the village; he gets the farmers on his books, and then they dare not deal in any store but his; they never know how much they owe him, for he charges them interest on their debts. He takes their butter and eggs, but never gives them the full price for them. The money that comes from earnings abroad, the check that comes from America, the money got on the sale of a calf or cow—all goes to the gombeen-man. The exactions that the gombeen-man makes are harsh enough to recall the landlordism of the old régime.

Here and there an opposition is made by the establishment of a coöperative store in the village. But for reasons which I shall go into presently, the coöperative store is seldom a thriving concern.

Let us first go into a place where the coöperative enterprise is undoubtedly thriving. This place is also in the Gadealteacht—it is indeed the usual sort of Irish village. In its single ramshackle street there are many shops, and there is also one coöperative store.

The coöperative store is crowded, mainly with women with shawls across their heads who are transacting their business in Irish. Everything can be bought here, from a pair of boots to a coffin, and everything that the people have for sale can be sold in or around the store. In a shed outside eggs are being collected, and girls are testing, grading, and packing them. No doubtful egg is permitted to go out from this centre. Then there is a factory that is another branch of this coöperative enterprise. Here a hundred girls, of the type that would ordinarily emigrate to America or Scotland, are working in a knitting factory—a factory that has on its walls the sacred pictures that they would see in their houses and that has the same view from its windows that they have over their own doors. The hours here are from nine to six with an hour off in the middle of the day. The wages paid are on an average twenty-five shillings per week; the articles produced are knitted gloves, stockings, jumpers. Their market is in Ireland, with outlets in Britain and America. In another room, card-board boxes for packing are manufactured, and from a window they can see the ship at the pier that does transportation for the village.

The street is lighted by electricity, and the houses in the village have the great innovation of electric lighting. The power used is from a fall of water that once turned a mill. All connected with this coöperative enterprise—the store, the factory, the transportation, are flourishing.

I think of the unsuccessful coöperative efforts that are to be noted in other villages, and I ask the manager of this concern—he is its originator, too—to what he attributes their failure and his success. He was of the opinion that the coöperative stores failed in the main because their management was recruited from the wrong class; the coöperative society went for its management to young men trained in shops. These men are without initiative, and without initiative the coöperative stores go down. I had been told by a shopkeeper that the management of the coöperative store could not compete with the management of the village shop; the shopkeeper, in most cases, had no wages to pay out; he ran the shop himself and his wife or son was his assistant. The coöperative store had to pay for its management, and now I gathered from the successful coöperative manager that I was speaking to, that this management was of the wrong kind; it was a management that was used to taking orders. The shopkeeper I had been speaking to thought that without some other coöperative enterprise near it, the co-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

öperative store was not able to keep up; a factory or a centre for the sale of products made a support for it.

But I felt sure that it was the executive that really counted in the success or failure of a coöperative enterprise in the Irish countryside. Why was it that the coöperative movement by this time had not got a grip on the distributing business in the Irish countryside, definitely and completely displacing the gombeen-man? It is because the societies have not been able to draw on an executive ability. Before the war a managing class was beginning to emerge; now there are less signs of such an emergence, I am told. The destruction of coöperative plants in many parts of the country by the Black and Tans in their campaign of reprisals, and the general slump in agricultural business following the war, have made people listless about coöperative effort. There will have to be a revival of the coöperative movement in Ireland before an executive emerges that would be capable of giving employment to the people of the Gadealteacht and of liberating them from the gombeen-man.

Ireland exports her executive ability, chiefly to America: the man who has created a chain of coöperative businesses in this little village is of the same type as the couple of Irishmen who have created the chain-store grocery business in America. Probably he too would have emigrated only for his patriotism and his strong feeling for the poor of these western places. He went into the coöperative movement originally in order to make good conditions for labor hereabouts. In spite of the opposition of the shopkeepers, and of a priest even, he has built up a business in this stony place that now has a turn-over of above £90,000 a year. And it is a business run by the people for the people.

The people, feeling the harshness of the gombeen-man, and knowing the bitterness of having to send their young boys and girls to work abroad for a few pounds return, realize the necessity for coöperative effort that would give a factory and a store to their neighborhood. The danger is that many efforts will be made with small capital and little executive ability, and that there will be failures that will check and discredit the movement. Ireland will have to get into the way of recognizing executive ability and of getting such ability into the coöperative movement.

And if there is one thing more than another that should urge the Irish people to create coöperative factories and stores here, it is the sight that may be witnessed at any of the fairs in the Gadealteacht. The men and women have come into the little town to sell their cattle and sheep; some of the women have brought bundles of homespuns to sell at the fair. And now they are all crowding round carts that have on them second-hand clothes that men are auctioning off. It is surely humiliating to see these fine peasant people bidding eagerly for the cast-off clothes of the workers in the Scotch and English cities.

AQUINAS ON THE STAGE

By THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER

ONE of the healthiest signs of the intellectual conversion of France to what Frenchmen call "integral Catholicism," by which they mean a Faith that not only governs the lives of individuals but also the art, science, economics and politics of the nation—is the growing eagerness with which its leading minds are battling for the spread of that philosophy and theology which more than eighty Popes have held up as typically Catholic, and which our reigning Pontiff Pius XI, on June 29, 1923, in his Studiorum Ducem, proclaimed an adequate remedy for the newest needs and a sure solution of the testiest problems of our age and civilization. Whilst the average Frenchman—especially in the rural districts—is rather indifferent and ignorant about the treatment meted out to the Church by la douce France, the outstanding Catholic thinkers, realizing that all betterment must filter down from the élite to the masses, and not vice versa, are leaving no stone unturned to bring about an enthusiastic return to that philosophical and theological outlook which because of its native cogency, satisfying clearness and alluring inclusiveness has powers to captivate those laymen who are intellectually prepared to see its beauty, wisdom, sanity, safety and actuality. Thus it happens that contemporary France is teaching the world that the philosophy and theology of St. Thomas are not a piece of purely ecclesiastical furniture, equipment or panoply. No other country in the world today has so many and such distinguished lay Thomists. The Revue des Jeunes, which appears twice monthly, proves that Aquinas can be understood by the younger generation of Catholic thinkers and that his viewpoint may be made to square with what we fondly consider unescapably contemporaneous. This sprightly review which always touches with insight and enlightenment grave questions of the day, bears out an old contention of the Schools that no human problem—except, of course, the purely mechanical and physical—but was foreseen and touched upon by the Angelical. M. Jacques Maritain, Professor at the Institut Catholique, Paris, and M. Etienne Gilson, Professor at the Sorbonne—both laymen—are thinkers whom all the world listens to even if they happen to be the great lay-protagonists of Thomism in France today.

Now the theatre has come out openly in favor of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Thomas though it need not be insisted upon that the younger generation of Catholic playwrights—Paul Claudel, Charles Perrault, Francis Jammes, Charles Peguy, Charles Maurras and others—are consistently Thomistic and openly profess to be so. But it remained for M. Henri Gheon, in his Le Triomphe de Saint Thomas d'Aquin, to show that just as the moral physiognomy of St. Thomas has suffered at the hands of biographers who were bent on exalting his intellectuality at the price of his humanity, so the dramatic elements of the Angelical's life and achievements in the Schools are fit materials for the playwright whose learning and historical imagination are supple enough to portray in understandable terms what was no doubt the greatest intellectual tourney in the history of 2,000 years—and what is greater and more significant still, a tourney whose last blow has not yet been delivered and whose final term has not yet been attained. This miracle play was written for a group of students of Lille, where it was presented in the Jesuit College, on March 6, 1924, and subsequently repeated in Brussels and other large cities with such undisguised success that the author was prevailed upon to give his manuscript to the public as his contribution to the sixth centenary celebrations in honor of the canonization of the Angelic Doctor ordered by Pope Pius XI. M. Gheon has achieved the rare distinction of having added to literature a piece of writing quite unique with which there is nothing to compare but the Latin "comedy" presented in the Dominican Convent of Lerins in 1615, and the "drama" (preserved in the Vittorio Emmanuele Library of Rome) about which E. Monaci speaks in the fifth volume of the Rendiconti of the Royal Academy dei Lincei.

M. Henri Gheon is well known in France as one of the farseeing playwrights who are laboring to bring a clean breath to the stage. Against the livid realism of contemporary French drama and the debasement of the French intellect by purely ocular representations he opposes plays built broadly and frankly on mediaeval models where allegory and symbolism are allowed to take the place of the extravagantly spectacular and obvious. Realizing that the drama grew out of the liturgy of the Church—a fact which Walter Pater never tired of proclaiming—he is not afraid to confine himself to purely Catholic themes. His heroes are the men and women of the "integral life," the vita nuova—the saints, many of whom were not unfitted to do great things in the world just because they had done greater things for God; the saints whose life stories brim with poetry just because they saw hidden meanings everywhere in nature, and heard celestial songs from the tongues of brooks and trees; saints who glorified the commonplace things of life by an uncommon devotion to high ideals. This is the very soul and ethos of the new and Catholic school of drama in France today. And that there are enough men still ensouled with a love for the finer things of the spirit to warrant this young generation to go on with its work is plain from the welcome given these revived and modernized miracle plays in the theatre built expressly for the Guild of Catholic Playwrights in Paris and other large cities of France. M. Gheon has presented in his St. Maurice, a glowing, picturesque and moving exposition of the sanctities and utilities of Christian obedience as the queen of the virtues. In his Bergère au Pays des Loups he has gathered the poetry of France on the very spot where Chateaubriand drank it in all its purity. In his Pauvre sous l' Escalier he has done for St. Alexis something incomparably finer than Cardinal Wiseman ever achieved. Anatole France confessed once that in his tenth year he dreamed of being a saint and to this end sought a hermitage where he prepared himself for great sacrifices for God. But these sentiments appearing in Saint Satyre would have been finer had he been able to read early in life Le Pauvre sous l' Escalier where youth is fired to a white glow with the spirit of sacrifice and where are heard as if in echo sounds from Heaven. Gheon's Jeux et Miracles pour le Peuple Fidèle contains a variety of pieces not always hagiographical or quasi-liturgical. But their dominant note is identical—to press the stage into the service of the Church, and to teach our modern generation which, with its movie mind refuses to think and, therefore, must be educated in righteousness through the eye, that there are sanctities in every form of life if we are but willing to make the initial consecration and oblation of ourselves. These precious lessons were learned in the bitter school of the trenches. For M. Gheon is one of the convertis of France, as he has shown so beautifully and poignantly in his L'Homme Né de la Guerre which is an autobiography that need not blush to stand beside the Centurion of Ernest Psichari and the Confessions of Georges Duhamel, to mention only two of the many youths who in the acme of affliction on the chalk-fields of their native land discovered that they had hearts of gold under uniforms that were not quite as muddy as they had made their own lives.

Le Triomphe de St. Thomas d'Aquin is divided into three acts. The Prologue, which is a tour de force of vocal beauty with which Drinkwater's prologue to Abraham Lincoln cannot be compared, ushers us into a cathedral choir, at the far end of which is an altar upon which stand a cross and lighted candles to signify the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. The Church appears on the stage clamoring for a defender —for a compeer of such Fathers of the Church as Iraenaeus, Basil, Chrysostem, Athanasius, Jerome, Ambrose, Denis the Areopagite, Augustine and Catherine of Alexandria. All these in gorgeous ecclesiastical robes are ranged around the altar, and after having sung the Veni Creator, they witness an argument of Lucifer with Pride and Concupiscence who try to seduce the youthful Thomas who stands there al-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most shyly in his white Dominican habit. Failing in this, Lucifer summons False Faith and False Reason. But Thomas resists their sophistries, and the first act ends with the Adoro Te or the Tantum Ergo.

Reason occupies the centre of the stage at the opening of the second act and summons Heraclitus of Ephesus, Parmenides, Plato, Aristotle and Averroes. Unafraid at such an array of philosophers, Thomas asks them frankly for an expression of their conception of life. With a significant gesture he grasps the hand of Aristotle, at which the Arabian Doctors and Averroes fall into a hot discussion. Bidding them begone, Thomas then welcomes St. Paul, who carries the book of the Scriptures, and St. Augustine. Then he makes the solemn consecration of his life to the defense of the Church—with that dignity and gallantry which one would expect from a youth in whose veins mingled the warrior's blood of Norman barons and Hohenstauffen emperors. A beautiful tableau shows us Thomas writing his Summa—Faith, kneeling, holds the Scriptures; Reason stands beside him, and the Fathers of the Church form a circle around the altar which serves as the background of the stage. A trickle of severe music runs through the hall. Thomas falls into an ecstasy. A solemn Voice speaks—"Thomas thou hast written well of me," just as a Voice spake from the Tabernacle of San Domenico, in Naples, to the saint in the long ago.

The third act opens with the Miserere or the De Profundis. This is the most original and most spectacular part of the play. The Church deplores, in verse, the fact that men no longer study the great theologians, and begs Thomas for assistance. Lucifer appears on the scene in the guise of a university professor. He tries to persuade Modern Man (wearing a pilgrim's garb and carrying a lantern) to accept a creed (croyance). Common Sense comes on the scene. Then Lucifer summons all the philosophical systems which have troubled the mind of man throughout the ages—Universal Doubt, Transcendental Egoism, Absolutism, Monism, Immanence, Pragmatism and Modernism. Just as the latter seems on the point of capturing Modern Man and Common Sense, the Church quickly comes to the rescue. At her appearance all are filled with horror for she makes them see Lucifer in the guise of the professor. Thomas pronounces in a calm but peremptory voice fatal anathemas at which the various philosophic systems flee. Then he addresses himself to Common Sense and Reason to fix for him the limits of their powers. He implores Modern Man to accept their guidance humbly, and thus give up his intellectual curiosity and pride. Then Thomas blesses all who are still upon the stage. The Fathers of the Church, forming in a triumphant procession, chant the Lauda Sion as the curtain falls.

Such is in baldest outline one of the most remarkable literary and philosophical achievements of our day in Christian literature. The language throughout is clear with that purely Gallic limpidity which defies imitation or translation. There is a tonal perfection, a sonority which Gheon must have learned from Corneille or Molière in the verse which the Church (alone of all the actors) uses. There is an accommodation of sound to sense that is really marvelous and reminds one forcibly of Poe at his best. The vocal riot in Lucifer's speeches is marked as also the unctuous sinuosity in the sophistries of the heretics. A man ignorant of French could easily catch the dominant idea of the speakers from the tonal effects of their speeches. The extreme archaism of pre-Christian philosophers is abundantly apparent in their speeches as also the most finely shaded verbal nuances of the modern philosophers. There is a sustained lyricism when called for, and a tone at times almost familiar and conversational. The comic rubs elbows with the sacred. Theological teaching has become highly and naturally dramatic without recourse to stage tricks and makeshifts but solely through the wizardry of words.

But M. Gheon achieves his greatest success in presenting the various systems which St. Thomas rejects. Here we have the real genius of the man revealed and his remarkable power of synthesizing in a few words the leading ideas of a system. In this selection of the core idea of the various philosophical systems he was greatly assisted by M. Jacques Maritain. We have here the history of philosophy in dramatic form. The directive idea of each system is presented in tabloid form. The theories of Heraclitus and Parmenides are presented in a vesture that is as superb and gorgeous as anything William James ever wrote. I know of no better summation of the cardinal points of these two philosophers. M. Gheon caricatures not the thought but the aberrations of the Moderns in that comic way which just because it is French never permits itself to descend to the burlesque. There is a kind of university buffoonery, a kind of university horseplay (called at the École Normale le canular) in the way he dresses the characters representing various philosophic systems of thought. Thus Universal Doubt is shown as a clown with folded arms, having an enormous head without eyes, nose or ears; the Phenomena are little gnomes; Practical Reason is a marble woman; Transcendental Egoism a Teuton warrior: Absolutism the Hindu goddess Siva; Immanence a bayadère; Monism a dragon green as the sea; Pragmatism an American of the latest Broadway cut, and Modernism a courtier ecclesiastic. Perhaps the system of Kant's Pure Reason could not have been better represented than as "a feminine monster of white pasteboard, surmounted by an enormous round head, with a human face from which protrude cog wheels. It has on its nose very large spectacles with colored glasses, one red, the other green, and is able to turn on and off, at will, an elec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tric bulb placed behind each glass. It holds in its hand a lever by which it sets in motion the cog wheels." One can see at a glance that Gheon is trying to show by this intricate mechanism the hopeless complications of the Kantian system. How could the Kantian categories and a priori forms be better hinted at than by the colored glasses? M. Bergson fares no better at the hands of Gheon for his Perpetual Immanence is represented by "a veiled nymph, draped in iridescent diaphanous materials, holding on her right shoulder like a pitcher a fountain of crystal, and resting her hand on a round basin from which a small jet of water shoots up and down rythmically." Never has allegorical picturization gone further. Bergson must have no sense of humor at all if he cannot see the glorious and hilarious parody of his system in this nymph.

This play of M. Gheon is an intellectual drama. For its own beauty, its own originality of conception, its clear brief statement of many systems of divergent and diverging thought, its Catholic orthodoxy, its just expression of Thomistic concepts, its omnipresent reverence which amounts almost to liturgical awe, its deft portrayal of the character and intellectual complexion of St. Thomas Aquinas, we know nothing that can compare with M. Gheon's Le Triomphe de St. Thomas d'Aquin. It should be translated forthwith by a capable hand for presentation in our colleges and seminaries and those cultured circles where men are willing to think hard on important—all important—questions. Thomas Aquinas has been in the school cathedra these many centuries and bids fair to remain there until the end of time. M. Gheon has led him upon the stage whence none can put him off, whence no man with a respect for truth and a love for beauty will try to hiss him off.

AUNT SARAH'S SAMPLERS

By HUGH DE BLACAM

A CERTAIN famous essay-writer was casting round one day for a subject out of which he could draw a mighty pother of words—like a conjuror whipping colored paper out of a borrowed hat—for such is the whole art of essay-writing; and he asked his charlady, who happened to be sweeping about, if she could make any suggestion. She said, brightly—"What about the weather?"—but he said the public was sick of that subject, besides which he had written about it too often already. Then she chewed the corner of her apron, like Fionn mac Cuail chewing his thumb of wisdom in the Irish legends, and at last asked—"Why not say something about samplers, Sir?—They were all the talk when I was a girl." Alas! the poor man did not know what samplers were. So much for your modern education.

Not that I could define a sampler myself. If you asked me to distinguish a Corinthian amphore from a piece of Wedgwood jasper, I might essay an answer; but if you showed me some woollen design worked on canvas, I could not tell you whether it was a sampler proper or not. Before I sat down to pen this dissertation, I consulted encyclopedias, both those in bookcases and those on legs; but I could come by no secure definition.

This much, however, I do know—that in the old days, when girls were given "accomplishments" instead of education, and studied music, embroidery, Latin and Italian, instead of political economy, shorthand and typewriting; when they read Scott and Byron instead of Wells and Garvice—that in those backward, benighted times, they used to begin their needlework by practising stitches with colored wool on canvas, picking out simple designs, such as stars, spiders and the ABC. The little lasses used to preserve these first essays in their homely craft and frame them; which designs were known as samplers, being samples of the little girls' skill-to-be. Collectors pay big prices for old-world specimens of this juvenile art, and the oldest sampler preserved in our museums dates back to the days of King Charles.

What I cannot tell you is, when a sampler ceases to be a sampler. The designs that hang upon our walls are sometimes more ambitious than juvenile beginnings. Yonder see, woolly flowers cluster around, not the ABC, but the motto "God Bless Our Home" (one of the s's being twisted backwards, but no matter)—and the ladies of the house are not agreed as to whether this is a true sampler or not. Who shall decide when ladies disagree? One holds that a sampler must give a sample only, and that this finished motto is more than a sample, another . . . But let that be.

In a shrine-like alcove there hangs another piece of woolwork—a picture, no less. The theme is scriptural—the infant Samuel at the knee of the aged priest Eli, who sits in the dim splendor of the Temple. You must stand far back, so that the little woolly squares merge and blend like the tiny points of a picture in the newspaper; and then it is an effective picture enough, with the beautiful youthful figure, sharp-cut, in green tunic and pink limb, against the stately old man, with the gemmed breastplate and the flowing beard. How little the tints have faded since Aunt Sarah worked it—I dare not say how long ago!—When her dear old eyes light on this treasured objet d' art, the sunny mornings (for they rose early in my aunt's youth, and that without playing tricks on themselves with the clock)—the sunny mornings, I say,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when she worked by her country window in the quiet, motorless world, come back in memory, and you and I and our world fade.

Aunt Sarah turns up her nose—if I may so allude to that classic feature—when our later generations produce their artistic achievements. Cousin Jane paints landscapes and still-life, and hangs her pictures at certain shows. Fiddlesticks!—what people can see in these trumpery daubs, Aunt Sarah cannot make out: they have no meaning, no character. Cows might look at them with satisfaction, noting what good pasture might be enjoyed in the Long Acre Field; but what is there for a Christian in a bit of grass, I ask you?—As for our Canadian cousin, Marion, who came over and insisted on taking all our photographs—why, Aunt Sarah wouldn't give you two pence-ha' penny for the lot, showing off these modern fashions that the girls are wearing, and those frightful plus, plus . . . well, you know what, on the men.

If you should ingratiate yourself with my aunt, being neither a young gadabout nor an old frump, rising with the sun, recreating yourself with nice quiet walks in the country, instead of fussing and racing about in a nasty, smelly motor-car; enjoying Schubert and Mendelssohn, and closing horrified ears to the shocking pan-and-kettle clatter that passes for music today: then, perhaps, she will show you another treasured sampler—if it be correctly so called.

It hangs in my aunt's little work-room, where no one else goes, save on honored invitation. In this apartment you will find the old tea canisters of exquisite wood with shining locks, wherein the elder generation guarded the precious grains of Eastern merchandise; old chairs, a strange old desk, a powder-horn with erased initials, and other little family relics, each with its story. Look up: behold a plain old frame of the sort the old craftsmen made, and in it a black field of wool, straggled over with white flowers and green stalks and leaves. Those flowers, I think, are like the flowers of heraldry, unknown to botany; but say it not, if you would not displease. This typical old sampler (if it really is a sampler, as I said before) is set in the same frame and glass that received it away back in the seventeen-hundreds, when Aunt Sarah's father's grandmother finished it, with gentle fingers that are dust this hundred years, though the flowers (as you see) bloom still unfaded.

If Aunt Sarah is in confidential mood, perhaps she will tell you the story of that woolly picture's working. She will tell you how our ancestress was courted by a Celtic youth from the mountainy country westward, much to the disapproval of the house, for reasons that are not recorded; how she was forbidden to go forth about the green land, and sat lonely in her chamber, working this sampler; and how she looked forth, one sunny morning, at a whistled call, to see her hero, with saddled steeds, and climbed through the casement to him, and fled. . . . They were forgiven, of course, later on, quite comme il faut, and then this sampler was finished and framed, and they all lived happily ever after—at least, let us hope so.

Paint your daubs and take your snap-shots, you young people, Aunt Sarah says; and she only hopes you will have great-grandchildren to look on your fading handiwork with pious affection. But mark her words: don't you go eloping like that lady of old times, for elopements are highly unsuitable for such people as we see about us today. Elopements and samplers both belong to the past: they are forgotten arts, not to be meddled with further.

THE REFORM OF REFORM

By D. W. FISHER

IT IS a commonplace to say that the life of modern times is too external. Life has been turned inside out; or rather it has been flattened out, so that it has no inside, but only an outside. Man, that curious creature round whom material things ought to revolve, now prefers to revolve round the material things he has invented. Man, who in the natural order of events should lie at the centre of the human universe, now lies somewhere on the outskirts of the universe. It is a serious question how long either man or civilization can stand up under this unusual treatment.

And just as life is too external, the method commonly used to reform it is too external. The modern reformer wants to save the world from ruin; but he wants to save it by giving it more of the same thing that has brought it to the verge of ruin. He wants to bring about improvement and salvation; but he wants to bring it about by government, by business, or by public opinion. He wants to bring it about by some external agency; by some vague abstraction or some fantastic piece of machinery. He suffers from the disease he sets out to remedy; and he usually ends by aggravating the disease.

This being true, the modern method of reform must be reformed by being made more internal. It must be made to go to the centre of things, which is very much like going to the root of things. The centre and root of all things human is obviously man himself. "Produce the men; the results will follow." The modern reformer can learn a useful lesson from this wise remark found somewhere in Whitman.

But it is important, not only to go to man, but also to go to the centre of man. Now, the centre

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of man is without any doubt his rational and spiritual nature. So long as you do not reach that, you do not reach more than his exterior. If you can reach that point, you stand some chance of reaching the real human being, and of effecting a real reform. To put the thing in another way, you stand some chance of producing a human being; for you can produce a human being only by producing a rational and spiritual being.

How then is the reformer to go to work? What is the true logic of his procedure? I can only point out very briefly the main steps of his procedure, and the order in which they follow each other. These steps are not difficult to discover, at least in their general outline. They are, indeed, difficult to take. And they are especially difficult to take, if, as usually happens with the modern reformer, we try to take them out of their proper and natural order.

The first step for any reformer to take is to reform himself. If he does not go to work on himself, it is hard to see how he can operate successfully elsewhere. Let us credit him with a desire to produce rational and spiritual beings, that is, human beings. If he himself is not such a being, he cannot be expected to recognize such beings when he sees them, and he certainly cannot be expected to produce them. The first step he can take toward the restoration of spiritual life, and incidentally toward the salvation of civilization, is the restoration of spiritual life within himself. In this first step, each reformer, and for that matter each human being, must disestablish in his own person the false life that merely drifts in response to the force of external circumstance; he must establish the life that acts in response to what Milton called "the force of reason and convincement." At least he should assent to its establishment. This great truth is summed up in the religious formula that spiritual life begins with an act of repentance.

The second step for any reformer to take is to reform other people. The modern man welcomes this second step. He is ready to reform other people; in fact, he is so ready that he usually reforms them, without having paused to reform himself.

He consequently falls into a characteristic modern mistake. Having never experienced rational and spiritual life in his own person, he sets out to produce it in other persons on a totally false assumption. He is not familiar with the love of truth; but he is familiar with opinion. He is, perhaps, not particularly familiar with the hunger and thirst after righteousness; but he is familiar with a certain standard of safe and sane external conduct. So the modern man takes it for granted that the love of truth and justice is only another name for the love of a certain type of opinion, and of a certain type of external response. And from this notion he passes to a similar notion of the proper way to bring these blessings to mankind in general. He sets about producing the love of reason and of righteousness in other people, by the only process with which he is familiar, namely, the process of large scale manufacture. He reforms other people by machinery. He produces human beings, that is, rational and spiritual beings, by the well-known method of quality production. The modern reformer goes to work to produce on a large scale in other people his own generally unreasonable opinion and unreasonable mode of behavior; and he goes to work either by legal enactment, or by the modern arts of suggestion and repetition, known as propaganda.

Obviously the modern reformer must be reformed. He must be induced to retrace his steps. He must be made to take the first step first, and then the second step. If he did this, he would discover that the commodity he is dealing with does not consist of opinion, and still less of external behavior. He would discover that spiritual life is indeed a species of life; a tendency of faith and valuation. And he would discover that it cannot be produced in other people by external manufacture. Spiritual life, in fact, like all life, can be produced only by a process of inner birth, or inner generation. It can be produced in other people, only by those in whom it is already present.

One side of the failure of the modern world to grasp these obvious facts, is the failure of modern leadership. It is quite common to hear men deplore the fact that there are no great leaders. That is natural enough; for great leaders are men who possess great spiritual life and activity, and awaken some measure of the same thing in the masses of mankind. At the present moment, the men who function as leaders are, generally speaking, not men who possess any spiritual life and activity, or possess it in any abundance. They do not understand reason and justice; the only thing they understand is public opinion. At their worst, they manufacture public opinion in order to meet the actual demands of private interest; and, at their best, they manufacture it to meet the future and possible demands of public opinion. At their best, these men move ceaselessly in a vicious circle. They do not at any point fix their eye on anything lasting or universal; that is, on anything that could afford a basis of leadership.

The new leaders, if they ever appear, will do what the old leaders did. One of the first things they will do will be to emancipate themselves from the vicious circle of public opinion. In the phrase used by Washington, they will "raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair." They will raise the standard, not of private interest, or of public opinion, but the standard of reason and justice. They will perceive the great truth that the way to restore the fact of leadership is to restore the fact of spiritual life and activity. And they will make a beginning by restoring it in themselves.

The third step for any reformer to take is to reform the various departments of civilized existence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As is obvious, I am using the word reformer in a very broad sense. The great leader, here, would have to express, and assist others to express, the new spiritual ferment in art, in philosophy, and in religion. But as regards the more obvious needs of the moment, he would have to express, and assist others to express, this same ferment of rational and spiritual life in a new outer structure of social, political and economic existence.

I will not attempt to say precisely what the reformer should do at this point. But the general outline of his duty is plain enough. He is trying to produce human beings; and he is presumably trying to produce a place wherein the existence of such beings is possible. This determines the axiom on which all modern reform ought to be grounded. The chief business of the reformer, for some time to come, will be to make the world a safe place for human beings. It is rapidly ceasing to be such a place. The reformer should bend his efforts toward making the world a place where politics respects the rights of man, not the rights of money and machinery. He should turn his energy toward making the world a place where trade and industry revolve round human beings, not where human beings revolve round trade and industry. He should address himself to the task of making the world a place where the individual man draws his life in some measure from within himself, and not entirely from government and public opinion. In brief, the business of the reformer at the present moment is to arrest the extirpation of human life by matter and machinery.

His chief concern is to create an outer order of civilization, within which rational and spiritual life can exist and flourish, and within which it can maintain a certain degree of dominance.

But the central thing the reformer must produce is belief in spiritual life and activity. As we have seen, he will need to have a good deal of belief in it himself. He will have to believe in it for its own sake; he will also have to believe in it for the sake of its power to order the outer aspects of human existence. And in this latter matter, he can derive a certain confirmation from human history. He can see that spiritual life and activity has in the past, when it has been sufficiently intense, built great structures of civilized existence. And he can draw from this a partial justification of his belief that it can do a similar thing again.

A CRUSADER OF CHARITY

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

ON ANY misty autumn morning between the years 1822 and 1826, when Paris was still the French capital of a French nation, and not yet a dance-hall and café for the world's wastrels and sophisticates, a hackney coach would leave the rue Jacob and turn in to the gloomy quadrangle of La Charité. At the rumble of its wheels the great hospital doors would fly open and nurses and internes, as though some princely visitor, long expected, were at hand, rush to proffer their services. From the musty depths of the cabriolet a figure, pathetic in its bizarrerie, would emerge. Short to dwarfishness, draped in a long cloak whose ends trailed on the humid pavement, it was crowned by an enormous cocked hat whose ends projected beyond the narrow shoulders, and leaned a little heavily on a gold-headed cane nearly as tall as the staff of a drum major. When the panoply of cloak and hat and cane had been surrendered, a diminutive man of early middle age stood under the oil lamps with which the dark hall was lighted. Across a high, pale forehead, wasted by long days and nights of study, the tumbled brown hair clustered in untidy dogs-ears. The nose was long, the lips thin and pinched, the eyes, blue-grey and luminous, almost hidden in their deep sockets. The slight fingers were covered in rings, a bunch of seals of heroic size hung below the flaps of the old-fashioned waistcoat. Dr. Laennec, the glory of the medical faculty of Paris and France, had arrived to hold his daily clinic.

The procession forms. Heralded by nursing sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, whose white cornettes are wider than anything save the corners of his own cocked hat, and followed by thirty doctors and students from all over Europe, the great little doctor passes from ward to ward. At each he addresses a courteous word to the nurse in charge, notes that the windows, which he has ordered kept open, still let in the saving air, though it be only the raw air of a Paris fall morning, or that the sea weed which he has ordered from his native Brittany (for he has his professional superstitions) lies here and there upon tables freshly damped with salt water. At the first bed visited, he draws from his pocket a little trumpet-shaped instrument of wood in two pieces, and screwing them together, presses his ear to the larger end, moving it here and there upon the bared chest. As he listens he speaks slowly and deliberately, and pencils move busily over pads, jotting down the golden words. Sometimes it is noted that the words are in Latin, and then, woe to those whose classical education has been neglected. Whenever this happens eyes that are full of meaning seek one another. With a delicacy whose source lies deep in his humane heart, the great doctor is using the language of the dead to conceal their hopelessness from those who are dying.

The rue du Bac is not far from the rue Jacob. Here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

until a few years ago, on a second story of the big block of buildings known as the "Foreign Missions" which recent improvements have swept away, a little chapel existed, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception and St. Clare. It was "a modest and discreet oratory, panneled in oak with narrow gilt mouldings, and with a tiny closet adjoining that served as sacristy." Week by week, in this obscure sanctuary, hidden away in the heart of restless Paris, as a secret regret is hidden in a life of splendor and success, the same figure that had a few hours ago passed from bed to bed, carrying the sentence of life and death, might be seen, prostrate before the tabernacle, and seeking strength where alone strength is made perfect in weakness. Through "the single window, looking on the rue de Babylone" the roar of the great godless city of Balzac's Paris reaches the ear in a muffled monotone. The red lamp flickers and floats. In the shadows the gentle ghosts of men who have prayed here before setting out on the long journey that had the gallows and torture stake as its goal, hover and own a brother soul. No one of them all died more truly a martyr to Christian charity than Réné Theodore Hyacinth Laennec, the great physician to whose genius and devotion the White Plague first yielded up its mysteries, and the centenary of whose election to the chair of Clinical Medicine at the Collège de France was celebrated with official pomp a few months ago.

He was born on the 17 of February, at Quimperlé, the historic capital of Lower Brittany, and under the shadow of the great granite cathedral, whose chancel, bent to one side, reminds the pious Breton that the Savior bowed His head on the cross before giving up His Soul. His father was a member of an old judicial family, a poet and boon companion and a queer mixture of spendthrift and miser. "Joy of the street—Sorrow at home!" says a local proverb. Left motherless at the dawn of the Revolution, little Réné was adopted, first by an uncle who was vicar-general of the diocese of Tréguier, and subsequently by another uncle, Guillaume Laennec, a well-known physician of Nantes. His childhood passed amid the nightmare of Carrier's consulship, when the Loire floated thick with corpses and chain shot mowed down the victims of the Terror by scores. On the square in front of his uncle's house the guillotine stood, en permanence for months, and the journey between home and school had to be made by roundabout routes in order that heartrending scenes of blood and violence might be spared the child's eyes. One memory of this saturnalia of disorder never left Laennec's memory. On June 8, 1794, he was pulled out of bed, and with a sword strapped to his side, and by the light of bonfires and rockets, forced to take part in the impious festival of the Supreme Being.

When Laennec came to Paris in 1800, after three years' study at the Hotel-Dieu of Nantes, and a brief experience as assistant surgeon in the "infernal columns" that were pacifying Chouan Brittany, that must have been a martyrdom to a Catholic and Royalist, the twilight of the middle ages still rested upon medical practice. A report drawn up by the great Cuvier, for Napoleon's eyes, upon the progress in medicine since 1789 sufficiently states the case when it admits—"Observations have remained fragmentary, and the regular assignment of alterations judged by certain apparent characteristics is all we can hope for." In other words, accurate diagnosis was non-existent. There were two main schools of medicine in Paris. That of La Salpétrière, under Pinel, was theoretic, and engaged almost exclusively in the classification of diseases. At La Charité, Corvisart, Bayle and the great Dupuytren ("first of surgeons and last of men") were busying themselves with morbid anatomy, with scant reference to symptomatology in the living and suffering subject. At the Collège de France, in the words of one of Laennec's biographers, "medicine was the prey of metaphysical theories, and all the divagations of the systematic spirit, or else given over to empiricism pure and simple."

It would be impossible, within the limits of an article written by a layman for laymen, to attempt to trace the successive steps by which Laennec acquired the mastery over diagnosis that was his at the end of his too-brief life. The list of obscure diseases identified or first explored by him may be found in any medical encyclopedia. Genius defies analysis. Doubtless in his case a sixth sense that appears once or twice in a generation of practitioners, was at work. The verdict of professional biographers is unanimous upon the revolution his researches worked in medical knowledge. "Before Laennec" (Dr. Gley, of the Collège de France thus sums up his work) "there were medical systems. Only since Laennec, a clinical method." He created pulmonary pathology, says Dr. Rouxeau, "du neant"—from the void. His industry was superhuman. He won the two prizes, for surgery and medicine, offered by the Institute, in his first year, and lectured on pathological anatomy before taking his doctorate. Some idea of his application may be gained from the fact that every one of his first 400 autopsies was the subject for voluminous notes. It was his custom, he says, and the words are all the more heart-rending for coming from the mouth of so humane a man—to take special note of symptoms in cases marked for a fatal termination with a view to using the knowledge thus acquired upon the dissecting table later. He was probably the first anatomist to fully realize that malignant organisms like normal ones have a vitality of their own, a sort of life in death, and that the deadly succession of their development may be studied and prognosticated in the one case as in the other.

He was thirty-five when the stethoscope, which was to revolutionize the diagnosis of heart and lungs, was conceived by him. Like many great discoveries, its origin was simple. Treating a case where fatty de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

velopment rendered direct auscultation difficult, Laennec rolled a sheet of foolscap cone-wise, and immediately perceived, not only that the sounds reached his ear with a new and startling distinctness but that the smallness of the further end enabled him to move his improvised appliance inch by inch over the affected area, and so to map out the extent and locality of the lesions. The German doctor Avenbrugger, it may be noticed in passing, had already noted, in 1722 that a consumptive chest did not return the same sound to percussion as a healthy one. In the naïve account which Laennec has left of his discovery, it is significant that considerations of modesty as well as of effectiveness are urged in favor of the stethoscope. The man who had spent fifteen years in the dissecting room retained intact his reverence for the human body.

The implement which now forms an essential part in the equipment of the humblest country doctor, was received at first with scepticism and ridicule. "Do you live in the lungs of your patients?" roughly asked Dr. Broussais, the head of Val de Grace hospital, "that you are able to describe them so well?" But disbelief vanished when Laennec's observations were published in the famous treatise De l'Auscultation Médiate. No medical manual has so maintained its authority in the face of changes and new methods. "Every doctor reads it twice a year as long as he practises," says the English authority Ward Richardson. "Let the student become familiar with all that is known on the subject," says the American, Austin Flint, "and he will then read the writings of Laennec with amazement that there remains so little to be altered or added."

Honors poured upon him. He was made court physician to the French royal family, and became what was, for the period, a comparatively wealthy man. His private practice was enormous and his work among the poor of Paris still more exacting. In the congregation of Our Lady Help of Christians, of which he was an early and fervent member, he found himself head of a little group of young doctors and medical students who gave their services to the destitute, and a list of whom, beginning with Maisonneuve, Tilorier, and Savary des Brulons, is a long martyrology of men who died one after another as victims of Christian charity. As though his own professional work were not enough, he began an extensive study of Celtic languages, for he was and remained a Breton of the Bretons, with a passionate devotion to his own little country. He had never forgotten an anecdote told him by his uncle, who, while walking the London hospitals, had found himself the sole link between the world and a poor old Breton woman stranded in the English capital.

Over-work and over-study caused the first collapse in 1819. A portrait, self-drawn from a mirror, for he was something of an artist, shows us cavernous eyes and sunken cheeks—the face of one already dead. Carried back to his ancestral home, Kerloanarnec ("the Place of Foxes") on the sunny Côte d'Émeraude, peasants and fisherfolk disputed the honor of pulling his wheeled chair to the beach. Health returned slowly, and local traditions tell how his days were spent in his own country and among his own folk. "After serving the Mass said by his old friend, Abbé Guénegau, the rector of Ploarmé, he would visit the sick and instruct local doctors in his new method. Sometimes an afternoon would be spent in hunting, for he was naturally tireless and proud of his marksmanship, and the evening hours whiled away by playing the flute or whittling and turning more stethoscopes from elm-wood. Many years of health and local usefulness seemed to lie before him in his native province. But with Laennec the call to sacrifice never came unheeded. In far-away Paris his patients, rich and poor, were demanding the great doctor. His principles were being misunderstood and misapplied. Foreign students were calling for exposition and lecture. There was another incentive higher than all—"Only the strong influence of his religious motives," says his English colleague, Sir John Forbes, "persuaded him to return."

In November, 1821, he resumed his prodigious life of labor. In 1823 he was elected to the chair of Clinical Medicine at the Collège de France. From April, 1822, he lectured and worked daily at La Charité. Traditions preserved in Paris tell us that these lectures would begin in low, weak tones, but that, as the enthusiasm of his message gained upon him, his voice grew stronger and stronger till it rang through the amphitheatre. It was the flicker before the expiring flame sinks in its socket. In May, 1826, he was attacked by the symptoms of the disease he had spent his life in combating, in aggravated form, and with the wife he had married during his convalescence, turned his face homeward to die.

The journey westward was a calvary. The skies rained incessantly, and dysentery forced him again and again to descend from his chaise in the downpour. His teeth ached violently and the cough never ceased its paroxysms. Like his Master, he stumbled three times beneath his cross. At Rennes and Vannes he was too ill to proceed and the journey had to be broken. Outside the latter town the carriage overturned and he was flung violently into the road.* At Quimperlé he fainted and had to be put to bed for two days.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 13th of August, 1826, his wife watching at the bed-side, noticed him weakly pulling the rings from his fingers. "I want to spare someone the trouble later," he

*A tradition piously gathered by Dr. James J. Walsh during his student days in Paris, relates that Laennec and his wife were reciting the rosary at the time of the accident, and resumed their prayers without complaint or comment when the chaise was set upon its wheels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whispered. An hour later he died. The two men upon whom, in accordance with French law, the duty fell of vouching formally for the decease, were unable to write and signed each with a rude cross.

His grave is in a neglected cemetery in full view of the ocean. He lies amid his own people, peasants who never spoke a word of French and fishermen whose broken bodies the ravenous sea casts upon the beach. Seven years ago, Dr. Mével, of Douarnenez, in unveiling a bust of the great doctor in his native town, could wish him no more fitting comrades for the Morning of Resurrection. "The Breton sailor," said Dr. Mével, "quits life as he enters it, and without striving to pierce its mystery. He asks but two things from the unseen world—in baptism a certificate of his right to live his life as a Christian, in the Viaticum a passport that shall open the Gate of Heaven to him when life is over."

Laennec, the crusader who fell fighting the Dragon of Disease, whose honored name hospitals and schools on two continents are proud to bear, asked no more. All the rest he gave.

COMMUNICATIONS

IN DEFENSE OF MR. THORNDIKE

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As an American Catholic I was not a little pained by the tone of the letter of Wemyss Brown in The Commonweal for January 7, which so harshly arraigns Dr. Thorndike's review of Mgr. De Roo's History of Alexander VI. I take Mr. Brown to be a Catholic, but judging from this letter he is of the type that, all unwillingly and unknowingly, does harm to the cause of truth and to the cause of his Church by the employment of an over-pointed pen dipped in acid ink. I for one agreed with most of Dr. Thorndike's strictures on the work in question. Then, the typographical errors of these volumes and the poor English style are unfortunate. And as to Dr. Thorndike's historical method, I want only to say that in this regard Mr. Brown in his present mood can teach the world nothing. Indeed, he should be one of the last to judge hastily a man of Dr. Thorndike's critical equipment, for from the letter's excited tone Mr. Brown shows himself incapable of appreciating the calm impartiality of the eminent historian he takes to task.

It seems to me to indicate a narrow spirit that the subject of Dr. Thorndike's religious affiliations should have been mentioned at all. Were we dealing with some point on Catholic doctrine or even with a general estimate of the Church's aims and ideals in history, there might be some reason for such mention. But that a critical historian of the modern school who is not a Catholic cannot judge correctly of the character, deeds and achievements of one of the Popes or cannot pass an impartial and critical judgment on a work that treats of one of the Popes, is in my opinion very untrue. We are dealing here with history and objective fact; we are not dealing with estimates of doctrine or of moral principle.

Indeed, in a matter of this kind a critical non-Catholic historian would be preferable to an uncritical Catholic historian. The former would be objective and impartial, the latter would not. Dr. Thorndike in his estimate of Catholic times is very impartial, very just and nearly always correct. But I could mention some Catholic historians of the present day who are not abreast of the recent progress that has been made in the principles and methods of historical criticism. There is an inclination among this type of Catholic historians, which they do not always suppress, to mingle apologetics with history, and to assume a tone that betrays a subjective desire to excuse. This is irritating to many Catholics, and more so to non-Catholics. Apologetics have their place, and controversy too; but this place is not in the pages of a history. Dr. Thorndike thinks that Mgr. De Roo's work does not show the author to have been free from the inclination to apologize and plead a cause, and I agree with him. This was one of my disappointments in reading the work. This weakness of a historical work betrayed itself, in my opinion, as much in the tone of many passages as in the matter itself as Dr. Thorndike contends. The whole account of the fifty or more benefices heaped upon Caesar Borgia seems to me to betray this weakness. True, Catholics have been open to great provocation on account of the injustices done them in so many histories of the past; but the best representatives of the modern school of historical method have left these weaknesses and imperfections behind them.

To return to Mr. Brown's harsh communication, it seems to me that he betrays in its lines another weakness characteristic of a certain type of Catholics which is happily growing gradually less numerous. I mean the type that cannot endure the slightest breath of criticism without losing control of themselves and without damning the critic, who has often real reasons, as a bigot. Now, over-susceptibility in this matter is not the part of a wise man. Criticism is worth money, and an old teacher of mine once told me that even cranks are sometimes good to have around because they tell us many things that are true. Surely, because we Catholics have a Church, it does not follow that we have everything else. Indeed, we have not. To learn from criticism, to profit from faults, to adopt what is good from those not of our faith, this is the part of those who are wise. "Rebuke a wise man and he will love thee, teach a just man and he will make haste to receive it."

I think finally that a letter such as Mr. Brown's, hurts what he wishes to defend and does harm to the cause of peace. Would not many a non-Catholic reading such a letter exclaim—"Here is a Catholic bigot!" And what about Christian charity? The Master said before His final parting—"Little children, love one another," and I don't think he intended to exclude Protestants. If the Catholic Church in its doctrines is intolerant of error, which is just and correct, Catholics in their practice should be tolerant of and kind to all the world.

Had Mr. Brown a fairer acquaintance with Dr. Thorndike's Medieval Europe and especially with his History of Magic, he would know that Methodist or Catholic, Dr. Thorndike is not the man to be betrayed into any such subjective feelings and immoderations as Mr. Brown gives evidence of in his own letter. One of the many truthful utterances of the unfortunate Father Tyrrell is this—"Judicial blindness is the natural penalty of passion." Mr. Brown in his letter shows himself to be suffering from judicial blindness, and the cause is that indicated by Father Tyrrell. In short Mr. Brown here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does not show himself to be what is high encomium for any man, and what Dr. Thorndike is—a lover of the truth.

DENIS EMINGTON.

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In printing Mr. Wemyss Brown's letter in the January 7 issue of The Commonweal, in which he states—"Glass houses! He does this very thing himself on page 184—'and accept as sufficiently proven what little *of* the bitterest enemies of Pope Alexander VI say in his favor,'" I think you should have said that this *of* did not appear in my manuscript (as the carbon copy shows) and that I was given no opportunity to read proof of the review.

LYNN THORNDIKE.

[Professor Thorndike is correct. The superfluous "of" is a typographical error which escaped the proofreaders in both the printing shop and the editorial office of The Commonweal. Professor Thorndike did not have an opportunity to read proof of his review. For its part—the major one—in the error which exposed its contributor to undeserved censure, The Commonweal apologizes to Professor Thorndike.—The Editors.]

AMERICANISM AND CATHOLICISM

San Diego, Cal.

TO the Editor:—If the book, Americanism and Catholicism, by Frederick Joseph Kinsman, is fairly reviewed by Charles Willis Thompson, in your issue of December 24, its facts and conclusions ought to be seriously questioned. Of course one cannot criticize the book merely from a review, yet one may take the liberty, with your kind permission, of discussing Mr. Thompson's own frankly asserted views.

He thinks the function of American Catholics is to be "the largest, most immovable, most solid rock" sheltering "the old-stock, old-style, old-fashioned Americans," or in another paragraph, the "one solid block on which the fighting American can rely," as against "transatlantic heresies" and "Socialists and Bolshevists of pure American lineage." Further on he becomes a little confused as to whether this one solid block or rock is the "sole reliance" after all. But among his wealth of hyphenated adjectives applied to the superior group of Americans whom we are to protect, he carefully avoids the use of "stand-patter" and "one-hundred-percenter."

He approves Dr. Kinsman's determination that "an immigrant must drop his Europeanism at the shore," and "the whole force of authority of the Church is bent unflinchingly toward that end." Important, if true, but we wonder if the Church has heard of it.

Only deluded Catholics, he thinks, believe "that they are being persecuted, or at any rate distrusted, because of their religion." Oh no; the cause is only a kind-hearted belief "that a foreign influence, that of the Vatican, governs their political action."

Now many of us have found otherwise, viz.—that Catholics are discriminated against because they revere their priests and their nuns, go to Mass and confession, believe in the Real Presence, abstain on Fridays, have numerous children and do not generally send them to the public schools, stubbornly insisting upon having schools of their own—in a word, just because they are Catholics. That there is certainly nothing racial about the discrimination (with apologies to Father Riggs), is clearly demonstrated every time an Irishman joins the Freemasons.

While the views of the author, or of his reviewer, may be expedient propaganda in some quarters, yet no lasting good can come by attempting to camouflage the fact that Catholics, just because they are Catholics, are the objects of a widespread prejudice in this nation. One important cause of this prejudice is that the average American is not half so well-informed or intelligent or broad or liberal-minded or witty as he too often tells himself he is, and that he has a superiority complex about the potency of these United States which is incurable; that in fact he is simply a provincial, untraveled, uncouth and rustic, impervious to the finer sensibility of the European. Had he more of Europe in him, he would have less of bigotry and ridiculous fanaticism. Why this absurd barrier against European ideas—did not all our ideas come from Europe? And has it not much that we could learn still?

May the Lord give the United States that gift of real humor which insures tolerance, with a cleansing flood of European ideas as soon as possible!

EDWARD H. WHELAN.

CATHOLICS IN THE CABINET

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I wonder if it will be a worthwhile matter for The Commonweal to notice the ignorance of American political history shown in the newspapers of this day in editorials on the retiring of Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court.

The Times and Evening Sun both state that President McKinley appointed Justice McKenna to his Cabinet notwithstanding he was the first Catholic to occupy a place in the Cabinet. The most superficial reader of United States history knows of Roger B. Taney, a Catholic Secretary of the Treasury in Jackson's Cabinet—also Attorney-General in the same Cabinet.

Again, Adolph E. Bone of Philadelphia, a Catholic, was in General Grant's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy.

I do not find Bone's name in the Catholic Encyclopedia, but I do know he was looked on as a Catholic while he held the Navy portfolio.

MARTIN J. BROWN.

CONAN DOYLE AND SCIENTISTS

Ottawa, Canada.

TO the Editor:—I read with interest, the article in your recent issue with reference to certain statements made by Sir Conan Doyle in his recently published Memoirs and Adventures. I had more curiosity than you possessed, to see what this eminent novelist and spiritualist had to say about his loss of the Faith, but his explanation was so unsatisfactory that I did not read the remainder of the book.

As regards Mivart's writings between the years 1885 and 1892, when certain articles by him were placed on the Index, I think you might very properly have referred to the explanation contained in the Catholic Encyclopedia. This shows that Sir William Broadbent, the eminent English physician who was Mivart's medical adviser, testified that for many years he suffered from diabetes, and that the nature of the malady was amply sufficient to free his late patient from the responsibility of the heterodox opinions which he had put forward, and the attitude he had taken with regard to his superiors.

I would only in conclusion, draw attention to your oversight in omitting the name of Pasteur from those of eminent Catholic scientists.

M. J. GORMAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

Song's End

It is the time of sunset and full moon
And in the shadowy room I sing
Slow songs as old as my remembering.
Silver and gold, to be all silver soon,
Stir in the laden pear tree past the sill
And show me widened eye and drooping curl
Of golden boy and gypsy girl
Gowned for their sleep, and from a pillow's white
Leaning to take their fill
Of a chimed story's magic on the night.

This gold and silver dusk, this song
Are edged with death. This silence is an end.
There is a term to rounded childish eyes
And childish expectation of surprise;
It is not long
That I shall sing, or any singer bend
In the warm dusk to interchange
Of glances, and to fluted questionings
About old words, old things.
These will be strange.
The moon that holds his lantern to the pears,
The fading gold, the air's
Stillness upon the echo tells me so.
All songs like these must go
From us who store the notes strange singers sing, and find
Music at any time in arcs flung down the wind.

No, we shall not long remember here
In days of trapped tune and of passive ear
This golden merchanting of voice and gaze,
This way that three
Know songs when sun and moon are maze
Of dusk and gleam on pears and a pear tree.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

"Be It Done"

When God came wooing Our Lady
Bees were adrift on the spring;
When He raised the latch of Our Lady,
Blue swallows flew, carolling.
Every hill was bright
With flowers and light—
Old on the earth was no thing.

When God was born to Our Lady
An ox warmed Him from the cold.
When He begged drink of Our Lady,
Grey frost had silvered the wold. . .
And for mother bliss
She had only this:
The pain His eyes foretold.

GEORGE SHUSTER.

The Last Harper

He stood in the blood-red wash of a towering sunset,
The great sun's fingers fondled his face and his hair;
He said: "They are gone—the hosts that were golden with glory,
The Harpers of Truagh that sang on the evening air."

"They have passed like the wind on the withering gorse of Glenmoiragh—
The rose-lipped women with eyes as blue as the dawn;
O where are the gay-hearted players—the fiddlers of Galway?
They have passed with the wavering Light of the Gael, they are gone."

"There's a shadow on the sun, my lad, we will kneel in the twilight,
I see the milk-white stallion fade in the west;
The warriors that swung long swords on the marches of Ulster,
Tonight, with Edward de Bruce, they take their rest."

We are doomed to the dust—it is well—the Great Race passes,
Warrior and Harper and Poet—where the banshee cries;
I will cover my face with the snow and the hoar-frost of winter,
I will pray for the curtain of blindness to cover my eyes."

Then bent with the iron of years, as the dusk was falling,
He knelt, and he peered afar to the menacing west;
He said: "I am old, I see a Proud Race passing,
I will go home to sleep now—sleep is best."

J. CORSON MILLER.

The Dancing Elf

I bent beneath an ancient tree—
  The night was softly dark and still—
And there, before my very eyes,
  An elf danced lightly on the hill.

His wings were silvered butterflies
  That fluttered round him as he spun.
And from his eyes shot tiny sparks
  Of laughter at his secret fun.

I wished to leap into the dance.
  Alas! he did not call to me.
And still as any stone I crouched
  Within the shadow of the tree.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

Yesterday a Dream Died

Yesterday a dream died,
  The dearest dream of all.
I turned my hope to memory
  And made it for a pall.

In the world about me
  Not a sign to mark.
Yesterday a dream died
  And all my soul is dark.

MARION CUMMINGS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Walter Hampden's Othello

THE splendid and deserved success of Cyrano has deprived us for many months of the delight of seeing Walter Hampden and his company fill their essential mission of repertory production of the world's great plays. This state of affairs came to an end on the evening of January 10, when Mr. Hampden presented us with Othello. It was a moment of triumph for a truly great artist, and of deepest gratification to his host of admirers.

Othello is undoubtedly a tempting rôle for an actor, particularly for one with the vitality and sheer manliness of Mr. Hampden. But the play itself is far from being Shakespeare's greatest. In the first place, the character of Othello himself, although very human and credible, is by no means as interesting, or as subtle or as varied as the characters of Hamlet, Brutus or Macbeth. The Moor is a man of action, of strong and direct passions, of limited sensibilities and of extreme credulity. He feels strongly and heavily, acts vigorously and on impulse, and thinks little. As a stage figure, he offers the actor full range for emotional expression, but very little opportunity for the delicate shades of delineation demanded by the more finely balanced rôles.

In the second place, the action of the play itself is at times awkward. The soliloquies of Iago, for example, even when capably handled, must always impress one as artificial. They remind one somewhat of the "asides" of characters in Molière—necessary explanations to the audience. In Hamlet it is different. The tone is reflective, problematical; the substance is of the mystery of life itself. Iago is a crafty villain, but not a deep or interesting thinker. When he talks to the audience, you feel that it is only a mechanical contrivance to further the action of the play. I mention this only to illustrate the difference in calibre between Othello and the best of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It is relevant to Mr. Hampden's production in this way: it accounts for a certain heaviness and lumbering in the movement which I believe even the most skilful acting could not overcome, and for the absence of that flame which penetrates and vitalizes so many of Shakespeare's other plays.

With the material as it stands, Mr. Hampden has done wonders. He has provided excellent stage settings by Claude Bragdon, of the kind that supplement instead of dominating the total impression of the play. They are impressionistic in the limited sense of not crowding in useless detail, but they furnish sufficient realism to obviate all need for violent imagination on the part of the audience. Mr. Hampden has also gathered about him, with one exception (and that a most unfortunate one) a capable and evenly balanced group of supporting actors. They do not have that distracting vacuity of speech and gesture which so frequently disrupts the illusion of Shakespearean productions. And in his own impersonation of Othello, Mr. Hampden has created a vivid and splendid figure for stage tradition.

Of his Othello, this much can be said with certainty: he has made him human and lovable. Whether or not he has made him too sensitive, too reflective and poetic in the earlier scenes is a matter of debate. I could not but feel that this Othello at times belied Shakespeare's lines, that the man "rude in speech, and little bless'd with the soft phrases of peace" had become refined and sensitized as if by the veil of Hamlet himself. The danger in such an over-refinement is this, that when the tumult of his jealousy is later aroused, it becomes more difficult to understand the onrushing fury of his revenge. The more sensitive type of mind would have balanced judgments more carefully, would have sought means of escape from an action so contrary to the love he held. You can only explain and accept the killing of Desdemona on the understanding that Othello is a man whose feelings instantly convert themselves into actions. Were he a man who allowed thought and reflection to intervene, he would have hesitated before the act of retribution as inevitably as Hamlet. Yet in the earlier scenes, Mr. Hampden's Othello by his manner, by the inflection of his voice and by the poetry of his diction prepares you more for the reflective than the active man.

In the later scenes of the play, Mr. Hampden gives full rein to action, and from this point on his characterization becomes more consistent. It gathers force and intensity and masculinity. The Moor becomes knotted by his own eruptive feelings. His words crash forth. Iago's stings enter his flesh and burn. Perhaps in the stress of a first night, Mr. Hampden went almost too far. His action savored two or three times of exaggeration. But I am inclined to think that this was the result of contrast with the earlier mood, and that a different emphasis in the first scenes would leave the climax a splendid and strong picture.

Mr. Baliol Holloway's Iago contributed as much to the splendor of Mr. Hampden's interpretation as Miss Sherwin's Desdemona weakened it. This Iago was almost impish, the incarnate spirit of the evil word, goading the Moor beyond human endurance, a quick stepping, fitful, sardonic Iago, more credible, without doubt, than a sombre or heavy interpretation. But of Miss Sherwin's Desdemona, it is impossible to speak encouragingly. After all, she is the centre of the action. Pretty, girlish posings, and an immobile face do not carry with them the spirit of tragedy. It is to be hoped that Miss Moore, who is to alternate in the part, will contribute more to sustain the dignity of the piece. Shakespeare receives worthy and splendid treatment at the hands of Mr. Hampden, and whether or not Othello has a long run, he has given us a rare treat in presenting it so ably and so well.

Why not more Shakespeare?

IN the midst of a season that has yielded only a few excellent plays and a vast deal of mediocrity, it is worth pausing to ask why more producers do not see the rich harvest awaiting the adequate presentation of Shakespeare, particularly with the induction of unsuspected talent into the Shakespearean field. I have in mind one man in particular who seems destined, since his first success in The Hairy Ape always to be cast "in type." Louis Wolheim is a man of very great powers, splendid diction, good voice and, behind a mask of roughness, of very sensitive intellect. I have never met him, but I have watched his work closely, and I should like to predict a startling success for the manager who would have the courage to star him first as Shylock, then as Othello, and at last—by way of real daring and promise—as Hamlet. The soul of the

LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Danish Prince is not confined to the cameo-like exteriors of the John Barrymores. It may rest even more deeply in the man who made The Hairy Ape a tragedy of modern times.

Shaw's Candida Revived

IT was an interesting work for the Actors' Theatre to revive Bernard Shaw's Candida. It is Shaw at very nearly his best—which means at his most generous and most penetrating moment. At the same time, it is Shaw who would amiably dispense with all marriage bonds if private judgment and inclination should dictate such a course—a dangerous Shaw, as always, combining certain sound and conservative instincts with an irresponsible philosophy. In this story of a minister and his wife, into whose happiness intrudes itself the sensitive and egotistical soul of a young English poet, we have a picture of the goodness underlying most of life's strange hypocrisies. For the Reverend James Morell is not, at first, a wholly pleasing character. He is an idealist and a hard worker, but very nearly drowned in self-complacency. He is very much the man who lives in the glory of his own good deeds without that humility which gives to good deeds their greatest merit. He takes the love of his wife and the adulation of his congregation very much for granted. He laughs uproariously at Marchbanks, when he declares his love for Candida.

Then something begins to stir in his soul. He finds that behind Marchbanks's shyness and physical cowardice there is a disquieting mental force, a vivid imagination, a quick intuition. Morell's supreme self-confidence becomes unsettled when he discovers that his wife finds in Marchbanks something her life has lacked. In the duel of minds, he finds himself losing ground. His unctuous manner deserts him. Turmoil displaces contentment. The situation is headed for tragedy until Shaw begins to play the same organ with different stops. Having done with Morell, he begins on Marchbanks. The boy's shyness is misleading, his poetic fancies are a cloak for a deeper and destructive force. He is an egotist loving himself in Candida more than Candida herself. To gain his ends in the world, he has capitalized his exterior weakness quite as much as Morell has capitalized his exterior strength, and quite as unconsciously. It is Candida herself who, soaring above the wifely to a motherly intuition, opens the eyes of each and shows them their real selves. It is at this point that Shaw's irresponsibility crops up. Candida has no notion that the marriage tie itself should hold her. She will make her choice according to which needs her the most. Morell offers her his strength—Marchbanks his weakness. For Morell there is a moment of agony when she says she is going to choose the weaker man. Then her meaning dawns on him. He is the weakling—because he trusted too much to his strength.

Pedro de Cordoba has caught the spirit of Morell exceedingly well. The part is a trying one, and very easy to overact. He has given it the restraint and the subtlety it demands. As Candida, Katharine Cornell simply confirms the growing impression that she is one of the most capable younger actresses on our stage. She has charm, voice, humor and increasingly good command of stage technique. She has been fortunate, too, in receiving a generous variety of parts. No one has decided yet that she is fitted only for certain types. The best performance of all, however, is Richard Bird's as Marchbanks. He has managed to give the character a double aspect, realistic and symbolic. He is not only the poet but also a symbol of that subtly destructive force in life—colossal egotism. I am sure we shall hear much more of Mr. Bird in the next few years. He has creative as well as interpretive talent.

BOOKS

The Negro from Africa to America, by W. D. Weatherford. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

A FEW years ago, in one of our old northern seaport towns, an ancient mansion was being renovated. The house was consecrated to the memory of its colonial owner, an eminent churchman, citizen and philanthropist. Out of a secret recess hidden for over a century and a half, dropped a little account book, in which were jotted down neat, eighteenth century reckonings as to rum, molasses, and imported Negroes. The stately old house was built on honest New England thrift. But that thrift had thriven on the helpless bodies of Negro slaves. We wonder with what mingled reflections that intelligent old church-warden would have read this last book by Dr. Weatherford, and the tale of upward striving therein related.

Dr. Weatherford's treatment of the subject is solid and documented—a real text book, with an excellent bibliography attached. As a southerner, he offers a balanced judgment. He admits from the start the fullness of all natural racial antipathies. Only by showing the misery of Africa can progress in America be estimated. You realize in scanning his four hundred and more most readable pages that Negro history is no small branch of research in itself. To review dispassionately the history of slavery and of the Free Negro puts heavy demands on critical powers. Dr. Weatherford generously records the advantages, such as they were, which accompanied the inherently evil slave system. It is hard to ask a more objective treatment of a burning question than that which he has afforded us. The reader concludes from it all that the violent pendulum-swinging of American minds and tongues—when Negro interests are mooted—is gradually dying down. One by one, like islets out of fog, established conclusions emerge, and are admitted on both sides.

In view of the ever increasing number of southern white men and women who are working for a better understanding in these matters—witness the activities of the Inter-Racial Conference and the Urban League alone!—it is not now so unreasonable to hope for an eventual general agreement as to Negro destiny, merits and rights.

So settled is the traditional vice, that northerners find it hard to visualize what the best element in the South is doing for the Negro. True that provisions for Negro schools are often inadequate, but so are the provisions for white schools in the same localities. The fact remains, to quote one instance alone, that in every southern state there is a gradual increase from year to year in the per capita expenditure on the education of colored children. Some of us may be surprised to hear the statement made by N. C. Newbold, at the recent state-wide Conference on Negro Education in North Carolina (The Southern Workman, December, 1924.)

"Within the past four years, including the present one, North Carolina has appropriated $2,200,000 for its higher institutions of learning for Negroes—four normal schools and the agricultural and technical college. These are actual appropriations for buildings, improvements, and maintenance. . . . A building program of nearly $1,000,000 for the two-year period, 1923-24, is now being completed at these institutions. This includes dormitories, dining-halls, houses for principals, administration and classroom buildings, shops, laundries, homes for faculty members, and the like. . . . It is a fact that in the decade 1895-1905, North Carolina did not spend on its whole

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public school system, including the State University and all other institutions, a sum as large as that ($15,000,000) which it is now planning to spend within four years for Negro education. No four year period prior to 1910 in the state's history used so large a sum on all the public schools, white and colored."

Some of us may learn with surprise of a Cardinal Gibbons Institute, sponsored by southern Catholic white men, and placed by them purposely in a southern community (St. Mary's County, Maryland) as a benefit to men of all races.

In Dr. Weatherford's presentation we learn that much of the violent opposition to Negro education in the South was non-existent in the eighteenth century. It was not till the Gabriel Insurrection in 1800, the Vesey Insurrection in 1822 in Charleston, and Nat Turner's rebellion in southern Virginia, that the slave owners were stricken with panic, and the later policy of unconditional suppression of Negro schools began. Add to this the reconstruction period, and it is natural that the tide turned slowly.

But the tide has turned. One is bewildered by the boards and missionary societies operating for the Negro's benefit. Twenty-six of these, from the "American Baptist Home Missionary Society" to the "Colored Men's Department, International Committee, Y. M. C. A." are given by the author, apart from the many Negro associations, state associations, and elaborate welfare boards which are connected with the various industries.

In view of the quantity and variety of non-Catholic endeavor in behalf of colored education and social improvement, it is not surprising that writers on Negro subjects pass over most of the specifically Catholic activities with scant mention. One does not ordinarily read of the old Jesuit missionaries, who so persistently roused the conscience of the Maryland planters to their obligations concerning the instruction and the moral safeguarding of their slaves; nor of the Catholic Negro communities, where such progress under the wise guidance of the Mother Church has been made toward character molding and settled social existence. In Dr. Weatherford's description, too, of the Spanish slave days, one would expect some mention of the sublime figure of St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, and supreme example of a white man's devotion to their race.

Even if their numbers are relatively small, a special recognition is due to the colored sisterhoods and the colored priesthood, in view of the object lesson they afford of a lofty ideal realized within the race itself; to the sisters and brothers and bodies of priests like the Josephite Fathers, who labor exclusively for the Negro, as a unique example of men and women consecrated, in some cases by special vow, to the Negro cause, even to the denial of those joys of home life which the humblest non-Catholic worker may enjoy. All the more when we consider the special difficulties attending Catholic workers in this field. They labor often in surroundings of white and colored people violently opposed to them on religious grounds, even to the threat of physical violence. Only with the greatest tact and patience can they adjust themselves to the local secular agencies, which are so largely in non-Catholic hands. They work with scant home coöperation, with no claims, of course, to the vast resources of non-Catholic Boards and Funds. The annual appeals of zealous bishops and priests in their behalf are little heeded by even the more generous element among our laity, and often dismissed with a flippant remark.

In view then of our own forgetfulness of our brothers and sisters "on the firing-line," we cannot expect too much recognition from without.

All the more striking, therefore, is Dr. Weatherford's frank exposure of some weaknesses in the Protestant system. These weaknesses he sums up under five headings, viz.: Emotionalism, offering to the Negro too often a shouting program, instead of a practical constructive religion. Individualism—attachment to particular ministers. Poor business methods. A too inclusive program—making the church a "literary society, debating club, social gathering, singing-school, and place for spiritual admonition." The untrained ministry.

As a result of these defects, he remarks a tendency to religious doubt, the disruptive results of which are staved off only by the social features of the Protestant colored churches.

For each of these five weaknesses, the Catholic Church offers the Negro an efficacious remedy. She uses pious emotions not as a guide but merely as a help in the practice of clearly defined principles of right and wrong. Her worship builds up character and self-respect. She places the divine message of the Church above the eloquence of the preacher. Her business methods are evangelical and conservative. Her program, though fostering all forms of social activity, is strictly to the point; and her ministry the most thoroughly trained in existence. Many educated Negroes, even without accepting our faith, so appreciate the solidity of Catholic religious discipline that they wish to place their children under Catholic teachers or look to the Catholic bishop and priest for guidance in personal matters.

In view then of the trust placed in us by non-Catholic Negroes, it is certainly reasonable for Catholics to coöperate with men like Dr. Weatherford who are genuinely interested in Negro welfare. Such men have laid to rest the old spectre of "social equality." To repeat the author's citation from Edgar Allen Murphy—Negro Life in the South—"So long as all honor lies in being associated with the white man, the Negro will want social intermingling. So long as there are none of his own race that can meet him on a high plane and can satisfy the longings of his soul, just so long will he be driven to seek fellowship with white men. But build him up, make him sufficient in himself, give him within his own race life that will satisfy, and the social question will be solved. He no longer objects to being called a Negro—it is becoming the badge of his race and the mark of his self-sufficiency. We have nothing, therefore, to fear from giving him a chance. With every new chance he becomes more satisfied to live his life within the pale of his own race." "The best South," says Dr. Weatherford, "has come to the conclusion that we cannot elevate ourselves by pushing the Negro down. We have come to the conclusion that if it is right to help the Negro up we will do it, and let the future take care of itself. Doing right now is not apt to bring evil after a while."

Without then grasping for elaborate "solutions" of complex problems, it will be well for us all to heed this homely advice, and do the best thing now by our colored brethren, and those who are working in their behalf.

JOHN LEFARGE.

From Bersabee to Dan and Other Ballads, by Michael Earls, S.J. Worcester: Holy Cross Press. $1.75.

FROM the moment—it must have been ten years ago!—when Joyce Kilmer enthusiastically pointed out that since Stevenson's Garden there had been "few poets with a closer sympathy with children and a greater skill in putting that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sympathy into verse" than Michael Earls, this genial and gracious padre has been increasingly recognized as laureate of the little ones. And, in the main, with good reason: for Father Earls is not merely a lover and understander of actual childhood—he has also proved himself partaker in that mystic childhood of simplicity so mysteriously singled out as the august yet narrow path from which alone one passes through the Gate of Heaven. It was, then, probably inevitable that he should become one of our most popular exponents of the ballad, which has so humbly yet proudly differentiated itself from its sophisticated cousin the ballade. For the ballad is the poem of childhood—the childhood of a race; perennially beloved by people who would rather sing than talk, yet assuredly would rather talk poetry than read or write it. The only way, in fact, that ballads ought to be read is aloud, as children love to read them. And anyone who has ever put Father Earls's Ballads of Childhood into juvenile hands—where he would undoubtedly like best to see them—knows how blithely such verses as his Garden of Wheat and Vine, for instance, can be enjoyed by readers not old enough to feel the added pleasure of recapturing the most winsome of all Noyes's rhythms, the rhythm of the Companion of a Mile. Only one who had known a happy childhood could have written those happy and uneven little verses ranging all the way from delicious doggerel (if anyone knows just what doggerel is!) to the vividness of the Autumn Painter. This same inescapable naïveté and child-love had permeated Father Earls's earlier volume, The Road Beyond the Town; only being younger, it seems also older. That is to say, the nostalgia of the Irishman and the wistful idealism of the "new" priest blew across its pages. Both of these books were quite purposefully colloquial—cast chiefly into the form of simple songs and ballads, with a few sonnets and one or two really charming quatrains thrown in for good measure. They established their author as, in the best sense, a popular Catholic songster; one for whom the Will of God was never too heavy a theme, nor the laughter in a schoolgirl's eyes too trivial a one.

And now comes Father Earls's third volume of verse, From Bersabee to Dan, to prove itself the best of the trilogy. There is still the glad singing of childhood and spring—the serene and sunny acceptance of life which has much in common with Katharine Tynan's Innocent Experiences. There is the devout and delicate Nature observation which is a part of all poetry, and the imagistic Nature etching which is a conspicuous part of recent poetry: the vision by which the catalpa blossoms are perceived hanging

> "like peaceful sleep
> Above the hedge in ecstasy,"

or the lilac's spinning-wheel "making orchard laces." And these images are entirely unforced and unstudied (which can scarcely be said of their often more spectacular contemporaries!) a fruit of unspoiled and unquenchable joy in the beauty of God's world. There is, in Father Earls's own words, a "heart of wonderment" which not many except the poets contrive to carry well into maturity; and one recognizes the "eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger" which Mr. Belloc claimed for his beloved Balliol men when the Blackrobe gathers his Troupe about him to the lusty refrain—

> There were three giants around the ship
> I sailed to Yarmouth Bay;
> And one his footstool was the earth,
> And one he had the sea for girth,
> The other's face was a sky of mirth
> At the dawning of the day . . .

There is mediaeval musing straying into Elizabethan melody in The Monastery Fool, and the contrast of a very quaint, very modern compression in those surprising lines At a Mission. In fact, there is so much tenderness coupled with so much verve in all the best pages that one almost resents that dangerous facility in word and metre which are the peril of every robust rhymster, and the very proximate peril of the priest-poet—who more, perhaps, than other men is exposed to the temptation of "occasional" verse.

So much for the familiar qualities of Father Earls's poetry, which have but grown "more so" with the growing years. But there are moments in the present book when one detects not only an added sureness in the earlier notes but a new note as well. Never has Father Earls achieved a finer or more spirited music than in his Salus Deo Nostro, with the bugle-call of its opening stanza—

> Strike me, O Saint Michael,
> And break me with thy sword,
> Smite me with thy flaming shield,
> And bend me for the Lord:
>
> Bleed me till the coward
> Dares to rise a knight,
> Strike again and let me go
> To my final fight.

And there is a subtlety, a delicate aloofness in those brief lines To a Courtier, which one has scarcely learned to look for in a minstrel whose minstrelsy, even, has been so crowded with his multitudinous sympathies.

> I shall escape you, though I tarry here;
> You shall not know me howsoever near . . .

It is the aloofness, the inevitable recoil and farewell of disenchanted nobility.

Nothing could be more characteristic of Father Earls than that his new volume should bear two ingenuously dramatic (*and* artistic) illustrations from the hands of two boy friends—Roderick and Padraic, the young sons of the sculptor Andrew O'Connor. These are engagingly in tune with the text of the ballads; and the tune is one of blitheness, of surprise, of tenderness and of a faith at once vital and restful. Yet one wonders whether the most personal and precious gift of this singer is not his gift of a supernatural light-heartedness. For it is the lightness of a heart which has, quite literally, been *lifted up*.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Golden Village, by Joseph Anthony. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

JOSEPH ANTHONY has related the happy vagabondage of a boy and his grandfather, searching the countryside for a Utopian village. Their adventurous and gay romance of the open road, while seeking the dream village, ends in a gentle disillusionment. Existing daily life seldom takes its form from dreams. Their journey concludes with a sweet pathos; an old man's dream is ended. But there is a suggestion of partial happiness—at least for the boy—in the good things of life and its homely pleasures. The book is written in a gay and graceful style with a marked feeling for the poetry of life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For some unknown reason, the publisher has tagged the novel as having the flavor of Fielding.

Lottery, by W. E. Woodward. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

MR. WOODWARD, a retired banker, turned renegade, has loosened an amusing and satirical pen on the ways and means of Mammon. His first book, Bunk, was a diverting travesty on publicity and Big Business. In Lottery he returns to the chief interest of the American scene—the making of money. Lottery is the Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford story intellectualized. His inquisitive mind, variety of experience, and mellow wit renders with arresting interest, the chronicling of an accumulation of wealth. He writes of the man of humble origin who rises to power. His Jerry Garrison is an extreme type. He differs from the traditional hero, by being merely a good fellow of easy morals, little education, and no ambition. He has none of the excellent virtues to which successful business men attribute their achievements. Garrison is a roystering fellow, done in broad strokes and contrast. Luck starts him on his way to fortune, through no volition of his own. Luck combined with instinctive shrewdness—a compelling influence to make others work for him—once he has acquired a start—furthers his development. Abler men make money for him. The events in Garrison's progression to wealth are chronicled in detail and the phenomenon commented upon with insight.

La Roux, by Johnston Abbott. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE frontier of our adventurous fiction moves North. Once the West, with its great open spaces, was the locale of all thrillers, but now the Northwest is the land of great adventure. La Roux is a story of loyalties in the early days of the colonization of Canada. So it is also picturesque. The narrative quality somewhat suggests Cooper. However, the story is told in the first person and the chapters are terse, representing a series of spiritual and mental states in the life of M. Regnier, the teller. The heroine, of course, is courageous and beautiful. Her quest makes the story. It is a well written and unusually well constructed story.

EDWIN CLARK.

Father Clifford's Lectures

REV. C. C. CLIFFORD, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has begun a series of lectures of great interest to Catholics on Religion and the Modern Mind, which will continue on Tuesdays throughout January and February, and will conclude on March 3. The lectures are under the management of a committee which includes among others, Miss Louise Frith, and Mrs. Schuyler Warren, and are to be held at various private houses. The first one was given on January 13, at the home of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, the subject being The Changed Outlook.

Among others, the patronesses include Mrs. Ernest Iselin, Miss Georgine Iselin, Mrs. Robert Hoguet, Mrs. Henry W. Taft, Mrs. Kenneth O'Brien, Mrs. Atwood Violett, Mrs. Frederick R. Coudert, Lady Armstrong, Mrs. Hamilton F. Armstrong, Mrs. George Bliss, Mrs. Delancey Kane, Mrs. Gerald Borden, Mrs. Joseph Ewing, and Mrs. Michael Gavin.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Solemnity prevailed in the Quiet Corner. An edict had gone forth, signed by the Editor, assembling the staff for a serious conference—subject: Journalism of Today. It was evident that levity would be considered as much out of place (for once) as at a Nation dinner.

Dr. Angelicus, on his way to obey the summons, with a heavy sigh, plunged first one galosh—then with another sigh, the other galosh, in the snow drifts banked in front of the Calvert Club.

"Such a nice day to drowse before an open fire," he mused. "But one cannot drowse, and think. And this is to be a serious conference, requiring thought, and perhaps some speech."

* * *

Just then, he saw Cyril B. Egan, making his way toward the Club.

"Hail, Contributor," he wheezed. "Whither away?"

"I'm on my way to your conference," replied Mr. Egan. "I've just returned from a most stimulating visit to New Bagdad, and have in my pocket an interview with its most prominent editor, which throws illumination on his famous methods of journalism."

"Well met!" cried Angelicus. "Come along in and read it to us."

* * *

A few minutes later, to a quiet and attentive staff, Dr. Angelicus in his favorite chair near the hearth, murmuring—"I can hear better if I just close my eyes as you read"—Mr. Egan began—

* * *

MORE MORON THAN MOST

"The distinguished publisher of New Bagdad's smallest newspaper—'Little Enough for the Littlest Mind—All the News That's Fit to Squint, Peek or Peep at through Curtain or Keyhole'—sat back in his upholstered swivel chair and puffed a plutocratic cigar.

" 'How did you do it?' I inquired, referring of course to his remarkable achievement with The Morning Moron, Price Two Cents, Circulation One Million and a Half. 'Tell me for the benefit of my pupils in the Tabloid School of Journalism—what were your aids to success?'

"The distinguished publisher, who ever chooses the concrete in preference to the abstract, pressed a button which summoned into his room a dozen or more men and women.

" 'The Moron staff,' he said simply—'More Moron Than Most!' Then as each of them shook my hand, he murmured a brief word of introduction—

" 'Mr. Thomas McPeak—the chief of our camera staff! Before he came into my service, arrested ten times for peeping; peeping proclivities now directed by the Moron into more useful channels. Eyes blacked five times for poking Moron camera into difficult faces. Wounded in action twice. Cited three times for unusual valor in mugging!'

" 'Mrs. Jazzberina Caked—our musical critic; herself a ukelele and musical saw performer of no mean ability.'

" 'Limerick Mack—writer of ten thousand uncompleted Moron limericks. Moron limericks easier than all others. Supply, not the missing line, but the missing letter. An amoeba can do it: Why not you? $3.98 prize for correct solution first submitted!'

" 'Madame Casanova Donjuantino—Famous divorcée con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Service

THE COMMONWEAL has organized a complete Book Service Department for the benefit of those readers who have not a good general bookstore in their localities. Books of all publishers may be ordered through the Book Service Department at the publishers' price plus the few cents' postage ordinarily charged. This service is organized primarily for the convenience of THE COMMONWEAL readers in the hope of placing good current literature into homes throughout the country.

While this service can never take the place of the modern bookstore, where book lovers may browse among books and there make selections leisurely, it will do everything possible to assist readers to secure with little effort on their part the books in which they may be interested.

Another function of the Book Service Department will be to assist individuals, schools and institutions in the formation of general and special libraries. Leading publishers have offered their facilities to this department, assuring expert advice in these larger undertakings.

From time to time THE COMMONWEAL will recommend books, new and old, on a variety of subjects, as a feature of the Book Service Department.

Address all orders and inquiries to

BOOK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

THE COMMONWEAL

25 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City

ducts column of advice to lovelorn. All problems solved. No question too delicate for her to answer. Etiquette of bigamy, polyandry, as well as that of old-fashioned monogamy, courageously discussed.'

"'Our Art Director—Hyacinth Hangnail. One of the martyr artists! Jailed twice for his idealistic devotion to art—especially the nude.'

"'Mr. Scavager Buzzell—our divorce man. Fifteen years with reputable old blackmail concern. Ruthless in his exposure of the vices of the upper classes.'

"'And last but not least—Mr. Albert Leteris Paradoxus, who writes our heads. Author of world famous classic in long primer—Did Mother-love Prompt Her to Throw Baby in Sewer?'

"I shook hands with every one of them, whereupon glowing with the praise of the master, they went zestfully back to their respective tasks.

"'And are these all?' I asked. 'Was there nothing or no one else who helped fashion your success?'

"'Ah yes,' he said piously. 'There was Morality. Without Morality the Moron would be nowhere. *Cleanliness is godliness—this newspaper, by pitiless publicity, shall ever wage a vigorous campaign against filth and indecency!* It was I,' he added modestly, 'who penned that, as well as other of the purity slogans sprinkled like blessed hyssop throughout the columns of the Moron.'

"'And that was the final determinant of your prosperous achievement?'

"'One thing else," concluded the great man, now apparently moved to the depths of his soul—'Faith! My unshakable faith in the essential dependability of the American moron was the first, the motivating cause of my paper's success! Ah, that dear moron—just another Peter Pan who never grows up; just a childlike, malleable, super-impressible mass of beautiful simplicity—beautiful simp—simp—simp—s . . .'

"But the great man being by this time lost in ecstatic worship of the thing that made him what he is today, I religiously tiptoed from the room and left him to his devotions."

* * *

"Eh?" said Dr. Angelicus, rousing himself. "Most interesting interview. Particularly the part about the New Bagdad Opera House."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONDÉ B. PALLEN is the author of many volumes of poetry and prose, which include the New Rubaiyat and The Meaning of the Idyls of the King. He was managing editor of The Catholic Encyclopedia.

REV. THOMAS M. SCHWERTNER, O.P., is the editor of The Rosary Magazine and the author of The Dominicans in History and Dominican Devotion.

PADRAIC COLUM, poet, dramatist and authority on Irish life and letters, is the author of The Children Who Followed the Piper, and other books.

THEODORE MAYNARD, who is a regular contributor to The Commonweal, is the author of Our Best Poets, and The Divine Adventure.

FRANK ERNEST HILL, well-known as a poet, is on the editorial staff of the New York Sun.

HUGH DE BLACAM is distinguished among the younger writers of fiction in Dublin, Ireland.

GEORGE SHUSTER, formerly on the faculty of Notre Dame University, is now a lecturer in the English department of Columbia University. He is author of The Catholic Spirit in English Literature.

D. W. FISHER was formerly associated with the Department of Philosophy at Dartmouth, and is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

J. CORSON MILLER is a distinguished contributor of poetry to the magazines and the author of Veils of Samite.

CONSTANCE NAAR is a contributor of book reviews and poetry to current periodicals.

HENRY LONGAN STUART is the author of Weeping Cross and other books, and a regular contributor to The Commonweal.

MARION CUMMINGS has done distinguished work on philosophical and poetical subjects for the magazines.

REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., is in pastoral charge of the old Calvert parish in Maryland, and interested in welfare work among the Negroes.

EDWIN CLARK is a frequent contributor of reviews to the New York Times and other publications.

KATHERINE BRÉGY is a well-known literary critic and the author of The Poet's Chanty and other books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED